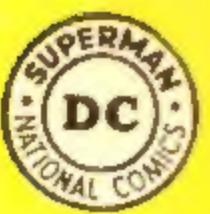




MAY NO. 183  
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# Pow-Wow Smith INDIAN LAWMAN

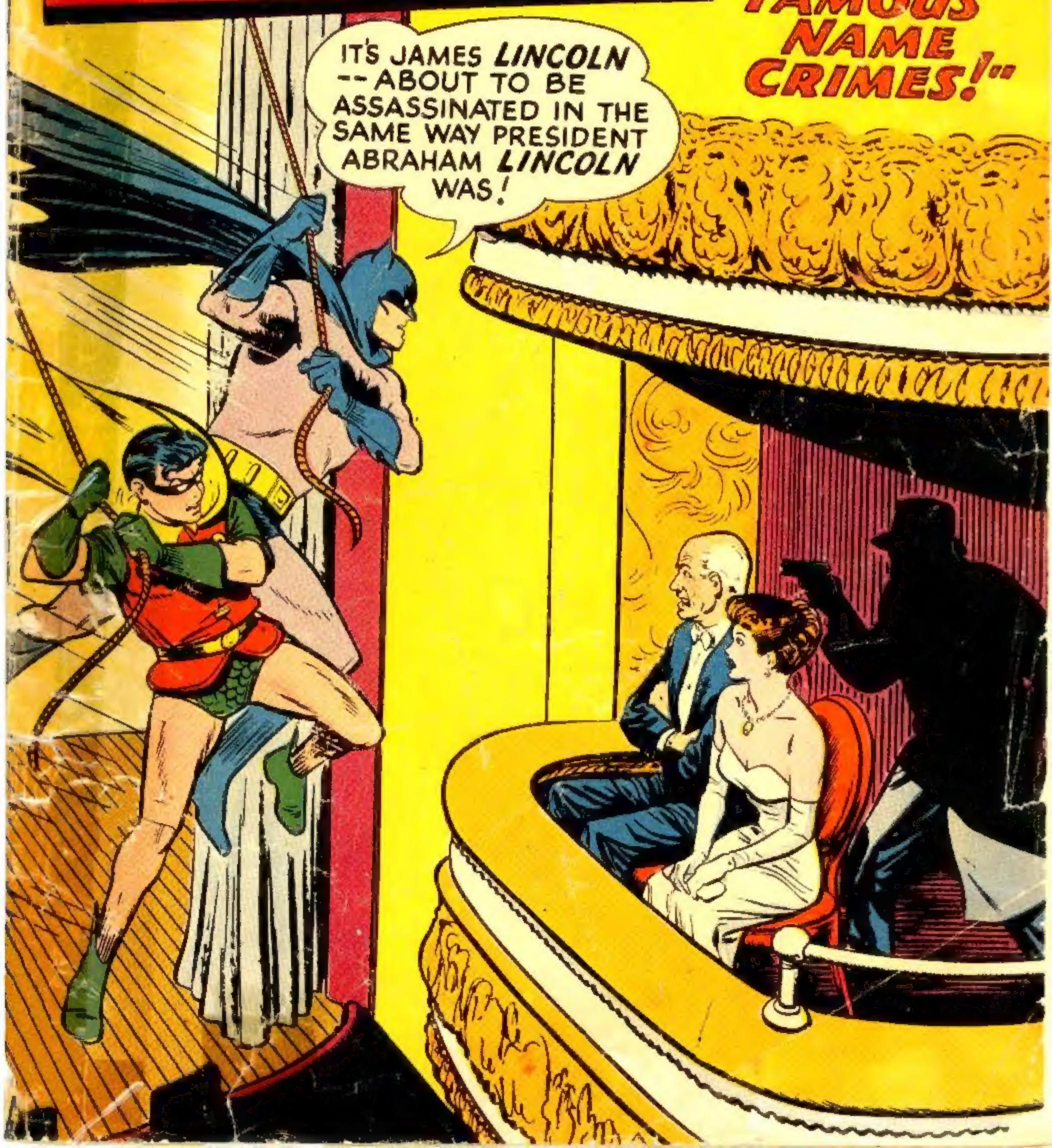


# Detective COMICS

**BATMAN  
and ROBIN**  
CHALLENGE THE  
PHANTOM MENACE  
BEHIND...

"*The  
FAMOUS  
NAME  
CRIMES!*"

IT'S JAMES *LINCOLN*  
-- ABOUT TO BE  
ASSASSINATED IN THE  
SAME WAY PRESIDENT  
ABRAHAM *LINCOLN*  
WAS!



# SUPERBOY

# "HAPPY HOBBY TIME!"

GOSH, IT'S SWELL OF SUPERBOY, LETTING US USE HIS WORKSHOP ONCE A WEEK.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRANK? AREN'T YOU GOING TO JOIN THE REST OF US?

AW, I'M NO GOOD AT THAT STUFF.

HOLD ON! WHO SAID YOU HAVE TO BE **GOOD** AT IT? COME ON, FRANK, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT ONE OF OUR ARTS AND CRAFTS HOBBIES.

SUPERBOY'S WORKSHOP

WE'VE GOT A BIG SELECTION, AS YOU CAN SEE. CLAY MODELING, PAINTING, MAKING SOMETHING OUT OF WOOD, METAL OR LEATHER--TRY YOUR HAND AT ANYONE THAT APPEALS TO YOU.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A CREATIVE "GENIUS" TO ENJOY CREATIVE ART. FEW PEOPLE ARE. BUT YOU CAN HAVE A LOT OF FUN, EVEN IF WHAT YOU DO IS NOT PERFECT.

LATER...

SAY, THIS **IS** FUN! AND IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS, IT'S A BASEBALL PLAYER AT BAT!

'ATTOY, FRANK,  
YOU'VE GOT THE  
IDEA...

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DO--OR HOW WELL YOU DO IT--WHETHER IT'S MAKING A MODEL PLANE OR MAKING A DRESS. IT'S A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE AND IT'LL DEVELOP A WAY OF EXPRESSING YOURSELF THAT WILL ADD UP TO HAPPY LEISURE HOURS ALL YOUR LIFE LONG!

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# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

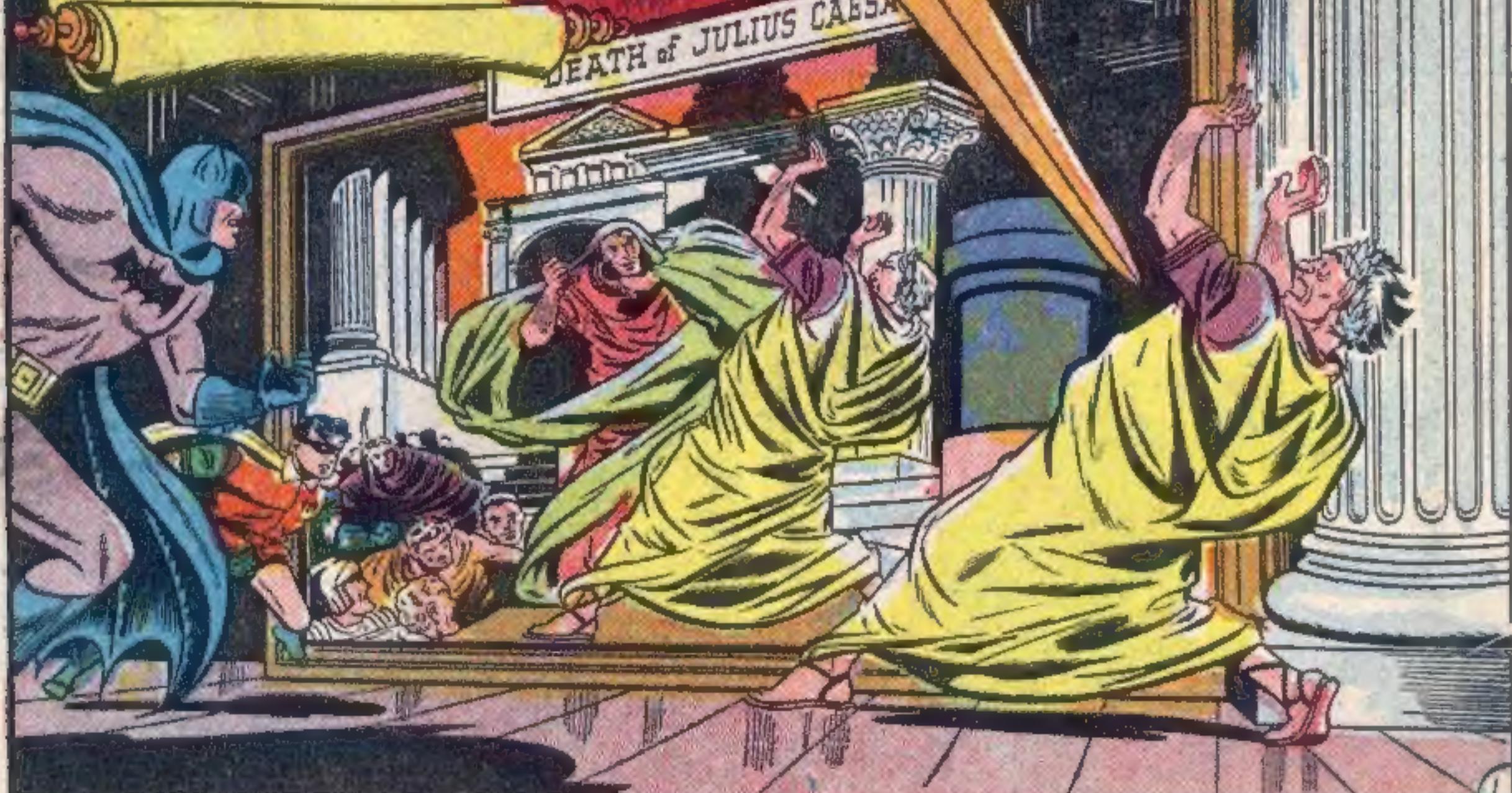
THE BOY WONDER

BOB KANE

IT'S A PROUD THING TO OWN THE SAME LAST NAME AS SOME GREAT PERSONAGE OF THE PAST... TO HAVE A LINCOLN OR A FRANKLIN OR A CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AS YOUR NAMESAKE! BUT ONE CAN BE TOO PROUD OF THAT, AS A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN LEARN WHEN SINISTER MENACE STALKS THEM BECAUSE OF THEIR SURNAMES! AND NO STRANGER MYSTERY HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN EVER ATTEMPTED TO SOLVE THAN THE CRYPTIC KILLINGS OF THE...

**"FAMOUS NAMES CRIMES!"**

DEATH OF JULIUS CAESAR



# DETECTIVE COMICS



ONE EVENING IN GOTHAM CITY, A STARTLED TAXI-DRIVER GAWKS AT A STRANGE SIGHT...

GOOD EVENING,  
MR.  
CAESAR!

GOOD  
EVENING!

GREAT GUNS! HIS NAME'S CAESAR AND HE'S DRESSED LIKE A ROMAN!



MOMENTS LATER, THE STREET IS FILLED WITH OTHER MEN CLAD IN COLORFUL COSTUMES OF THE PAST...

GOOD EVENING,  
MR. BONAPARTE!  
GOOD EVENING,  
MR. LINCOLN!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE NAPOLEON AND LINCOLN, BUT THEY'RE DRESSED LIKE THEM!

AW, IT'S JUST SOME COSTUME PARTY!



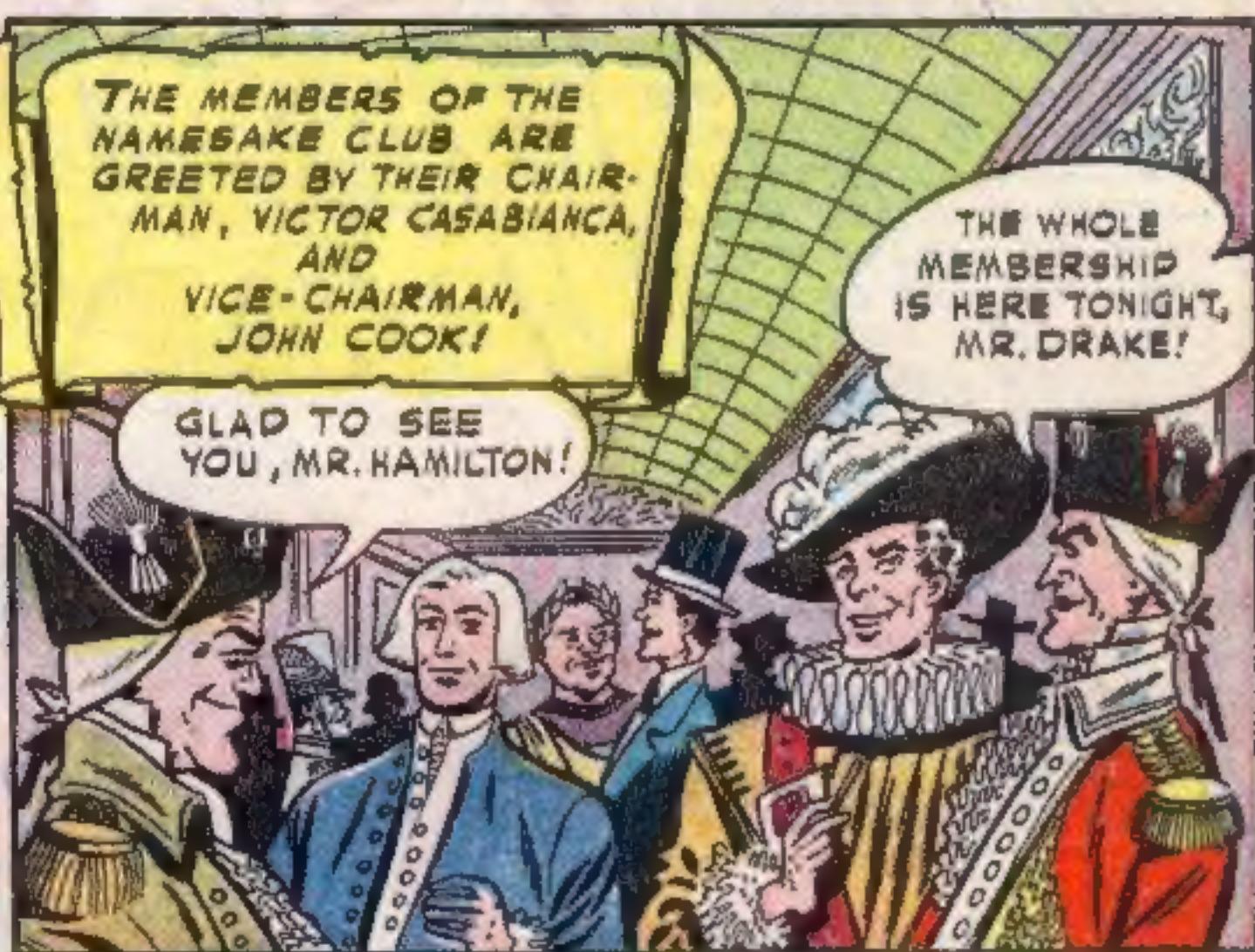
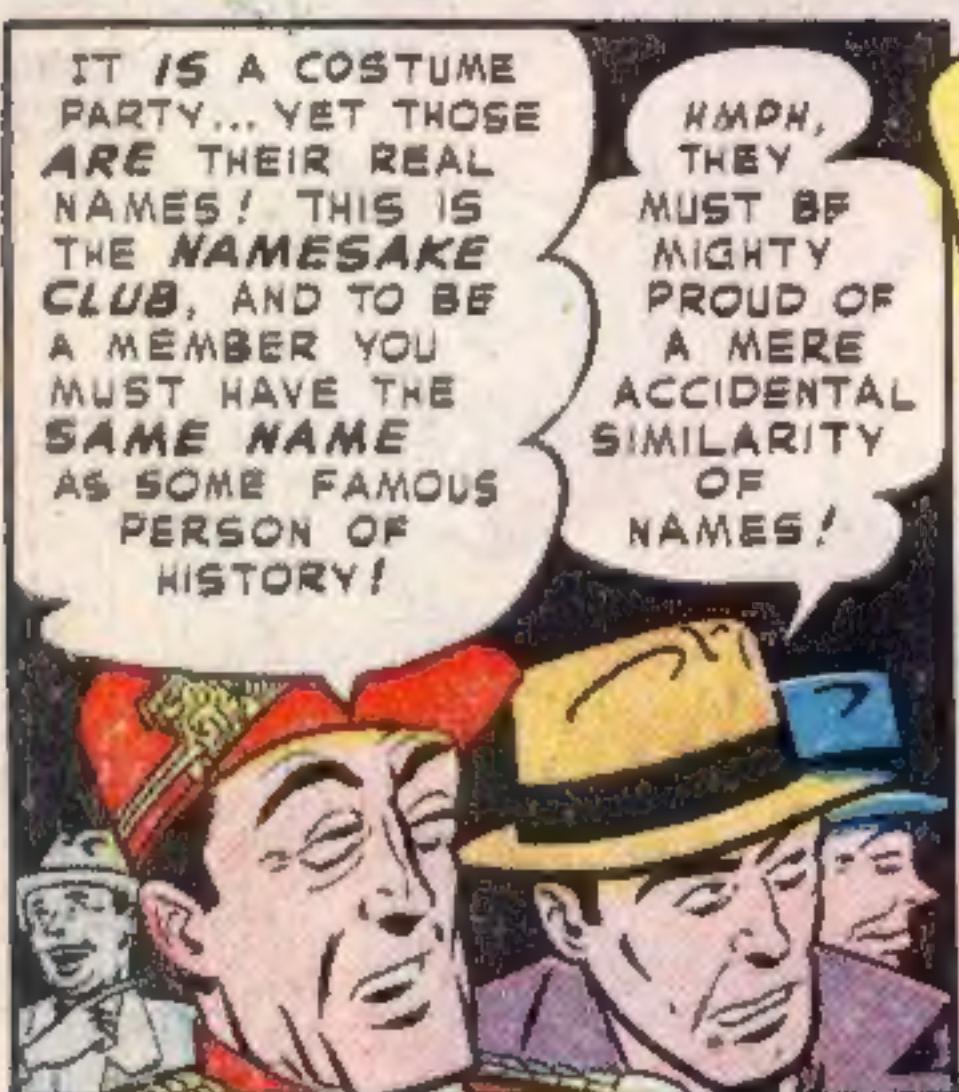
IT IS A COSTUME PARTY... YET THOSE ARE THEIR REAL NAMES! THIS IS THE NAMESAKE CLUB, AND TO BE A MEMBER YOU MUST HAVE THE SAME NAME AS SOME FAMOUS PERSON OF HISTORY!

HMPH,  
THEY  
MUST BE  
MIGHTY  
PROUD OF  
A MERE  
ACCIDENTAL  
SIMILARITY  
OF  
NAMES!

THE MEMBERS OF THE NAMESAKE CLUB ARE GREETED BY THEIR CHAIRMAN, VICTOR CASABIANCA, AND VICE-CHAIRMAN, JOHN COOK!

THE WHOLE MEMBERSHIP IS HERE TONIGHT, MR. DRAKE!

GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. HAMILTON!

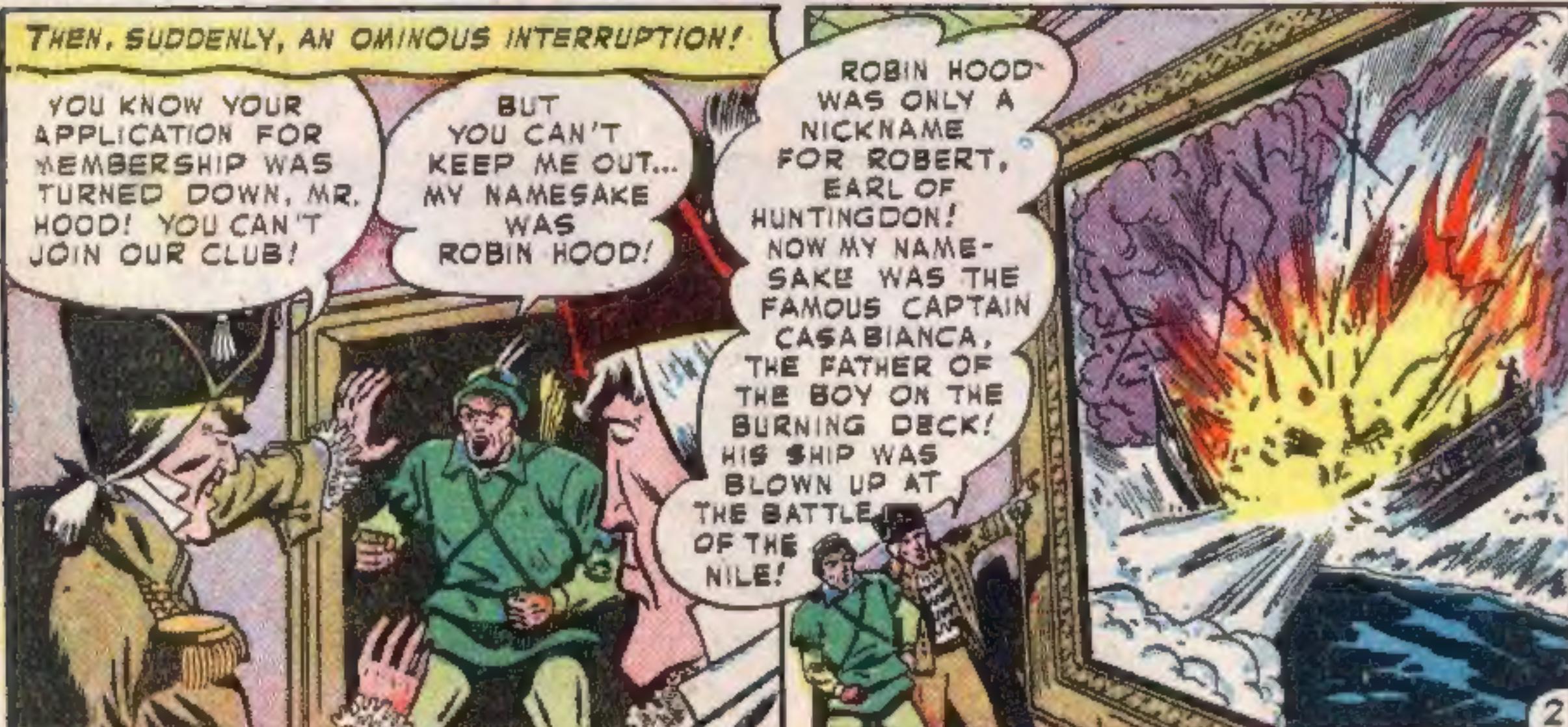


THEN, SUDDENLY, AN OMINOUS INTERRUPTION!

YOU KNOW YOUR APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP WAS TURNED DOWN, MR. HOOD! YOU CAN'T JOIN OUR CLUB!

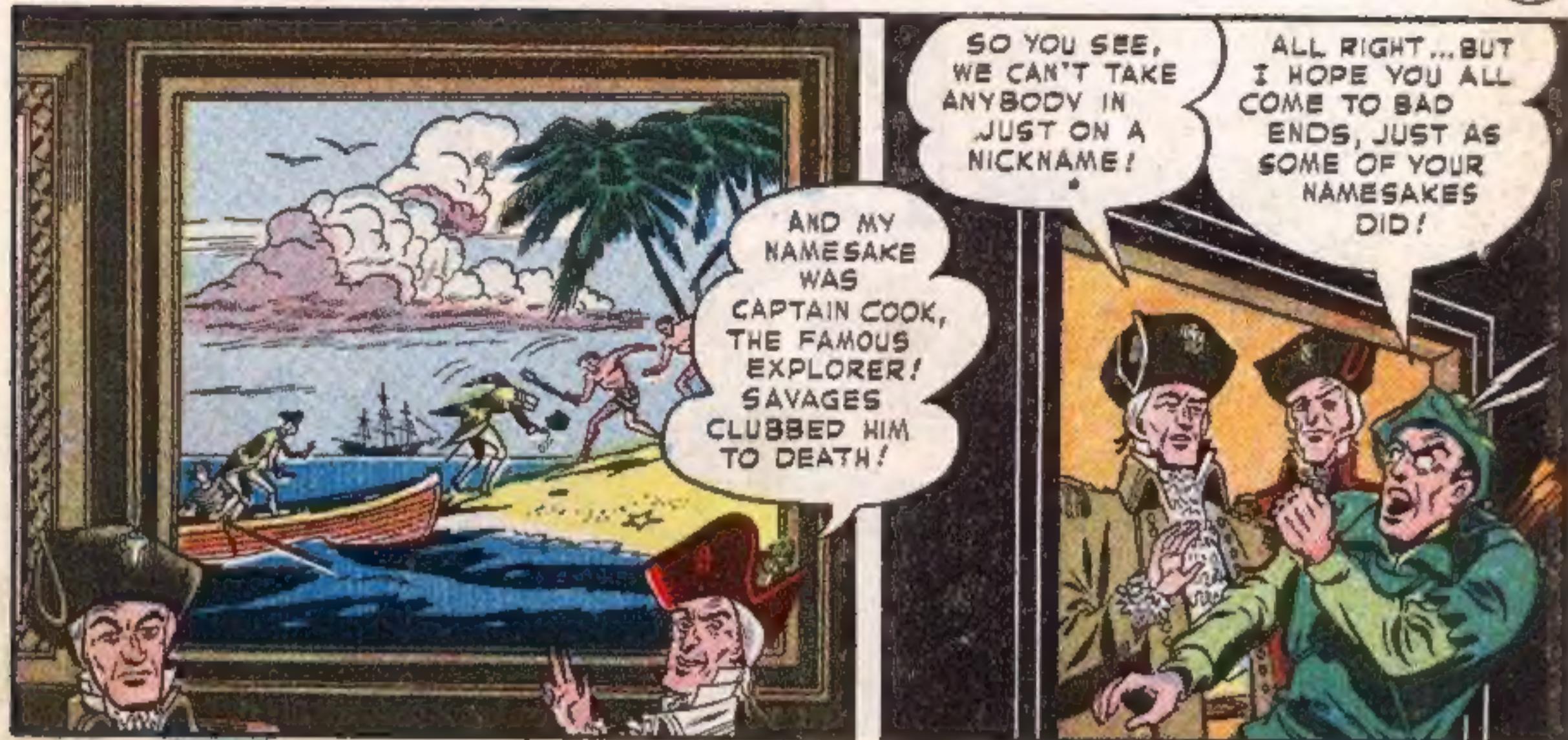
BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP ME OUT... MY NAMESAKE WAS ROBIN HOOD!

ROBIN HOOD WAS ONLY A NICKNAME FOR ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTINGDON! NOW MY NAMESAKE WAS THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN CASABIANCA, THE FATHER OF THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK! HIS SHIP WAS BLOWN UP AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE!





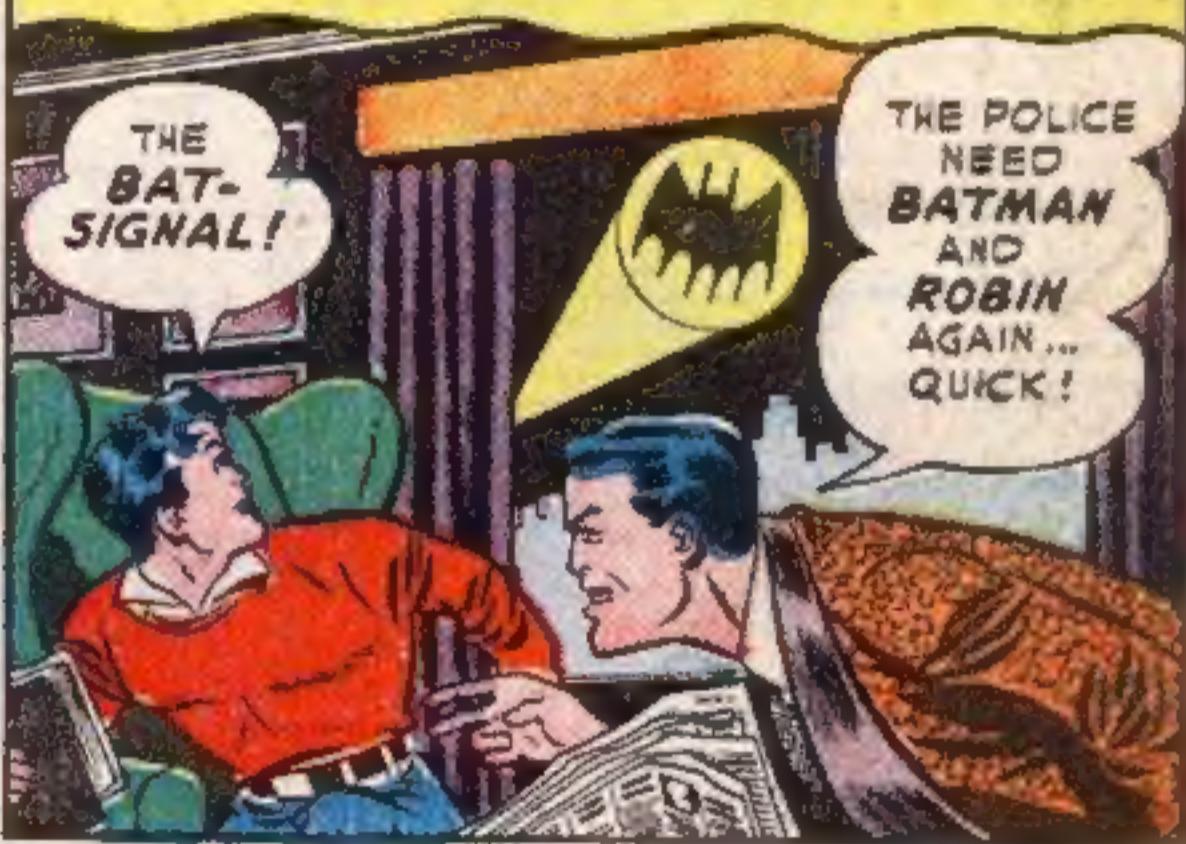
# DETECTIVE COMICS



WAS THE REJECTED ROBIN HOOD PRONONCING A PROPHECY OF DOOM? FOR LATER, WHEN THE FESTIVITIES ARE AT THEIR HEIGHT...



SOON, SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON SEE A FAMILIAR AND OMINOUS SIGN IN THE SKY!



A CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND SWIFTLY THE BATMOBILE BRINGS THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTERS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



BUT BEFORE THE MIGHTY DUO CAN START ON THE GRIM MANHUNT, THERE COMES A STARTLING PHONE CALL!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT AS THE BATMOBILE CLIMBS THE STEEP, TWISTING LANE TOWARD THE HILLSIDE COUNTRY HOME OF WALTER HAMILTON...

BATMAN,  
A CAR  
WITHOUT  
LIGHTS  
COMING  
AT US!

BATMAN'S FOOT FLOORBOARDS THE ACCELERATOR, AND THE MIGHTY BATMOBILE ROARS FORWARD AND UPWARD...

IT CAN'T MISS US IN THIS NARROW CURVE, AND WE CAN'T TURN! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE...

MISSED US!  
BUT WHY WAS HE  
RUNNING WITHOUT  
LIGHTS?

...IN A DIZZY RACING TURN THAT ALONE AVOIDS COLLISION!

I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S WRONG... BUT BY THE TIME WE COULD GET TURNED AROUND ON THIS HAIRPIN ROAD, HE'D BE MILES AWAY! WE'D BETTER HURRY ON TO HAMILTON'S HOUSE!

WE'RE TOO LATE,  
ROBIN  
HE'S DEAD!

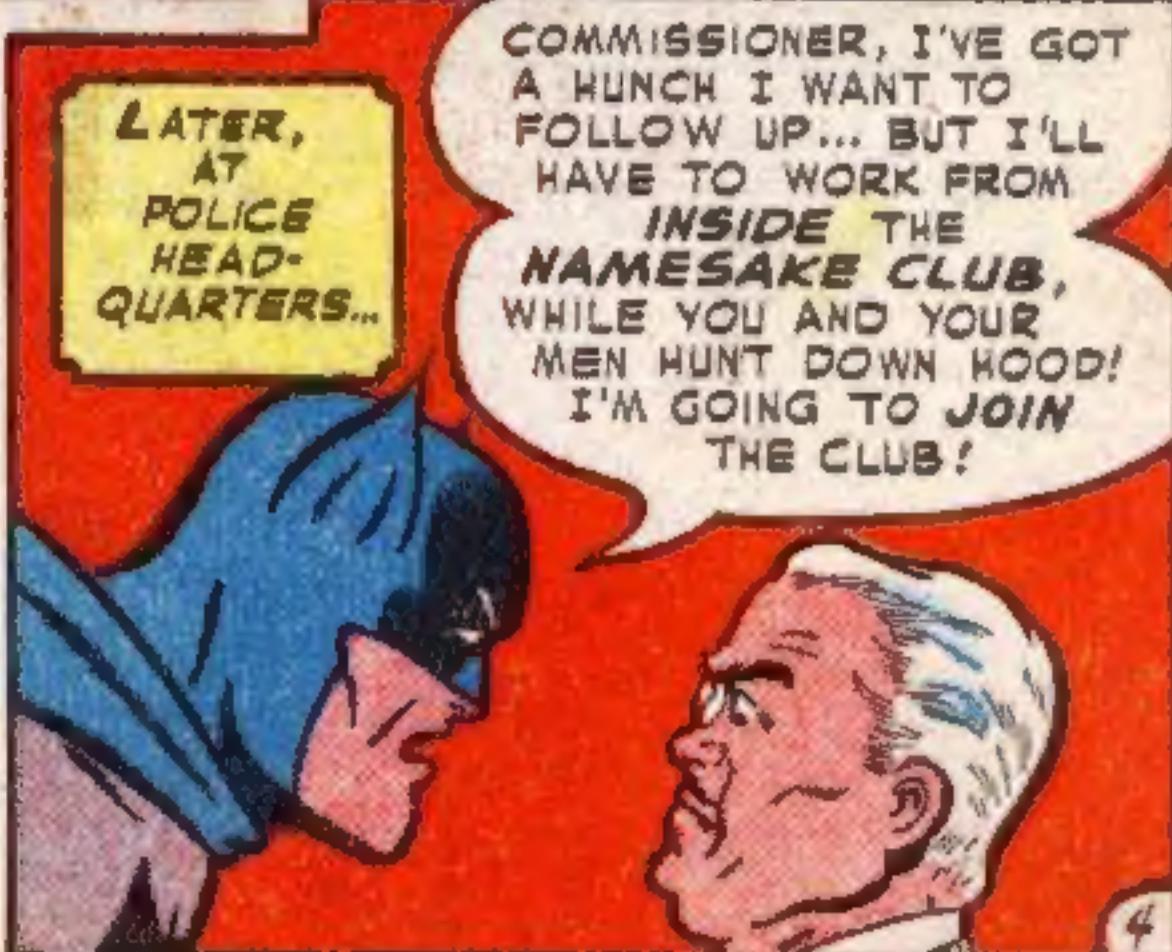
AND HE WAS SHOT WITH A PISTOL... JUST LIKE HIS NAME-SAKE ALEXANDER HAMILTON!

HAMILTON WAS GOING TO SHOW US SOMETHING... BUT THE KILLER GOT TO HIM FIRST!

YES, BUT THIS IS HAMILTON'S WILL... AND THERE MAY BE A POSSIBLE CLUE IN IT!

LATER,  
AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS...

COMMISSIONER, I'VE GOT A HUNCH I WANT TO FOLLOW UP... BUT I'LL HAVE TO WORK FROM INSIDE THE NAMESAKE CLUB, WHILE YOU AND YOUR MEN HUNT DOWN HOOD! I'M GOING TO JOIN THE CLUB!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



NEXT DAY, IN THE BAT-CAVE, THE BATMAN USES HIS MARVELOUS MAKE-UP SKILL TO ACQUIRE A NEW FACE!

BUT YOU COULD JOIN THE CLUB AS BRUCE WAYNE... "MAD" ANTHONY WAYNE, THE REVOLUTIONARY GENERAL, WAS YOUR NAMESAKE!

NO, FOR ANTHONY DIED A NATURAL DEATH, AND THAT WOULDN'T BAIT THE KILLER! ONLY MEMBERS WHOSE NAMESAKES DIED A VIOLENT DEATH ARE IN DANGER. I'LL ASSUME THE NAME, "EARL WARWICK", AFTER THE EARL OF WARWICK, WHO WAS KILLED BY A SWORD!



AFTER BATMAN HAS COMPLETED HIS DISGUISE AS "EARL OF WARWICK"...

I'VE FITTED UP APPROPRIATE ROOMS FOR MYSELF IN A HOTEL AS "EARL WARWICK"! YOU COVER THE NAMESAKE CLUB FROM OUTSIDE, DURING TONIGHT'S MEETING!

I WILL! AND BATMAN... BE CAREFUL! THIS IS AN INSANE KILLER!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS MAN, HOOD, MAKES HIS VICTIMS DIE JUST LIKE THEIR NAMESAKES!

HOOD HASN'T BEEN PROVED GUILTY YET, BUT IF HE IS... WELL, THIS MAY BE HIS TWISTED IDEA OF REVENGE BECAUSE HE WAS REFUSED MEMBERSHIP!



SOON, "EARL WARWICK" HAS A VISITOR IN HIS ROOMS!

I CAN SEE YOU'RE TRULY DEVOTED TO YOUR NAMESAKE, MR. WARWICK... AND I'M GLAD YOU PHONED ME ABOUT JOINING THE CLUB! I'LL RECOMMEND YOUR ACCEPTANCE!

THEN I'LL BE AT THE MEETING TONIGHT, MR. CASABIANCA!



AND THAT NIGHT, A NEW MEMBER IS ADMITTED TO THE ILL-STARRING NAMESAKE CLUB!

AYE!

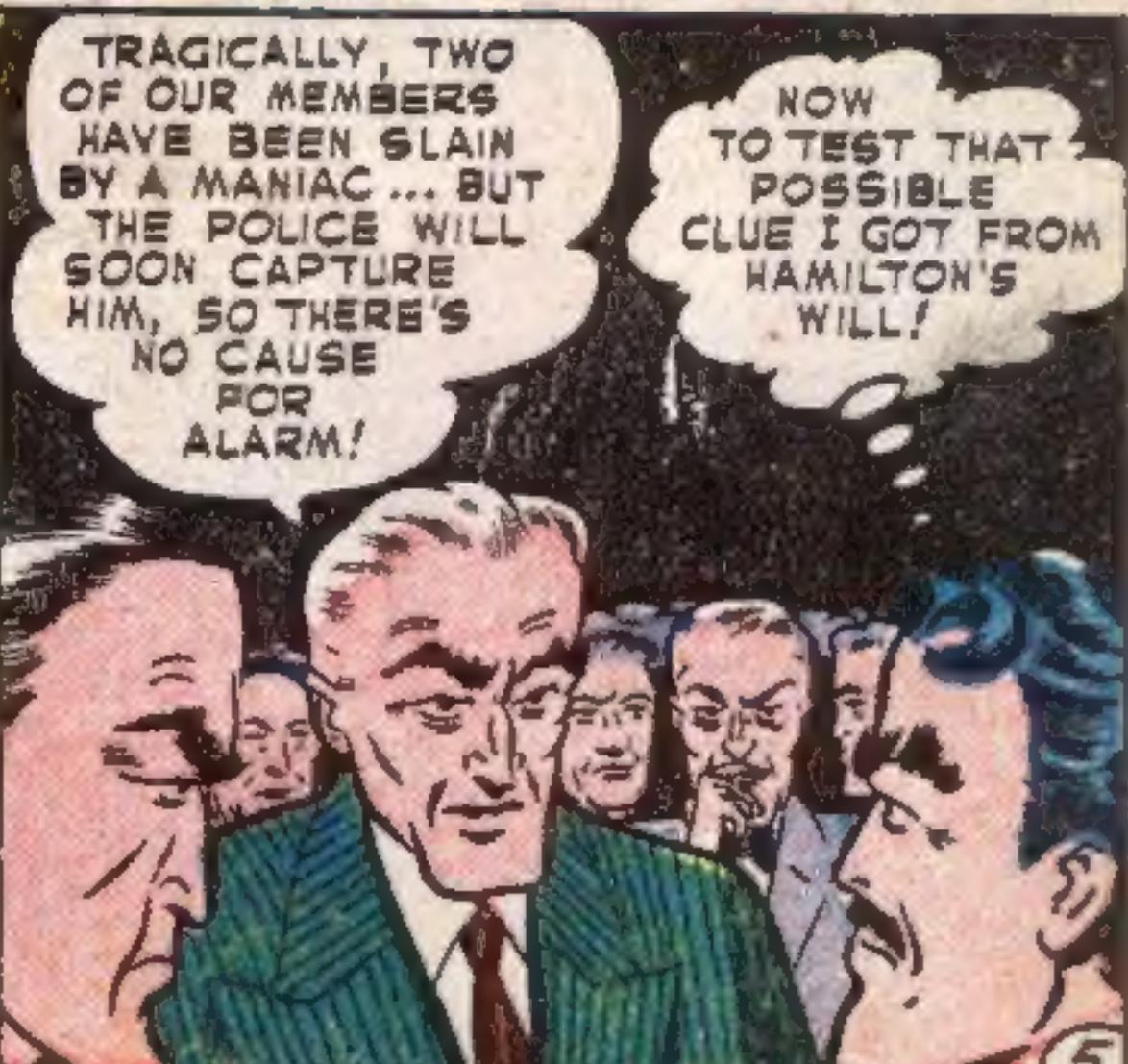
YOU'RE ACCEPTED UNANIMOUSLY, MR. WARWICK... WELCOME TO THE NAMESAKE CLUB!

THIS IS A GREAT THRILL!



TRAGICALLY, TWO OF OUR MEMBERS HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY A MANIAC... BUT THE POLICE WILL SOON CAPTURE HIM, SO THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM!

NOW TO TEST THAT POSSIBLE CLUE I GOT FROM HAMILTON'S WILL!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



I'M SURE NONE OF THE CLUB MEMBERS IS DISCOURAGED BY THESE TRAGEDIES, SIR!

I KNOW I'M NOT! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE NAME-  
SAKE CLUB GO ON FOREVER, TO PERPETUATE OUR FAMOUS NAMES!

MANY OF OUR MEMBERS WHO FEEL THE SAME WAY HAVE ARRANGED BEQUESTS TO THE CLUB IN THEIR WILLS! ALAS, WE NEVER DREAMED THAT MR. CAESAR'S AND MR. HAMILTON'S BEQUESTS WOULD COME TO US SO SOON!

I'M NOT FRIGHTENED... BUT IF THAT MANIAC SHOULD GET ME, I'D LIKE TO HAVE HELPED THE CLUB! I, TOO, WILL MAKE SUCH A BEQUEST!

AS THE SOMBER CLUB MEETING BREAKS UP...

I'M ARTHUR MOORE, A PRETTY NEW MEMBER TOO, MR. WARWICK! SINCE YOU LIVE IN THE SAME HOTEL I DO, I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!

GLAD TO!

BUT, AS THE TWO MEMBERS EMERGE, A STRANGE GRATING SOUND ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF BATMAN'S KEEN EARS AND...

THE SOUND... WHY, IT'S... LOOK OUT!

A CANNONBALL! SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO KILL ONE OF US...

IT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO KILL ME! SIR JOHN MOORE, MY NAMESAKE, THE FAMOUS BRITISH GENERAL AGAINST NAPOLEON, WAS KILLED BY A CANNONBALL IN BATTLE!

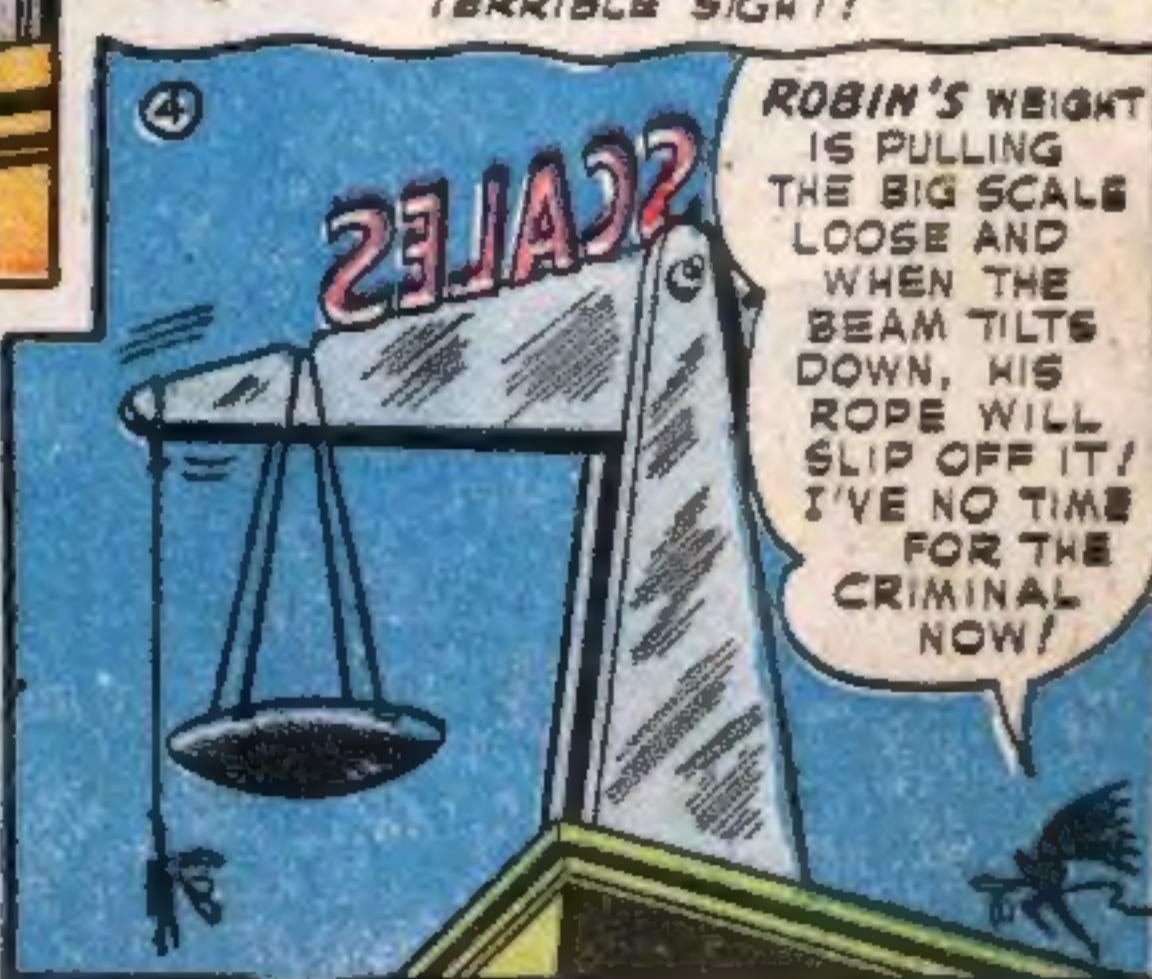
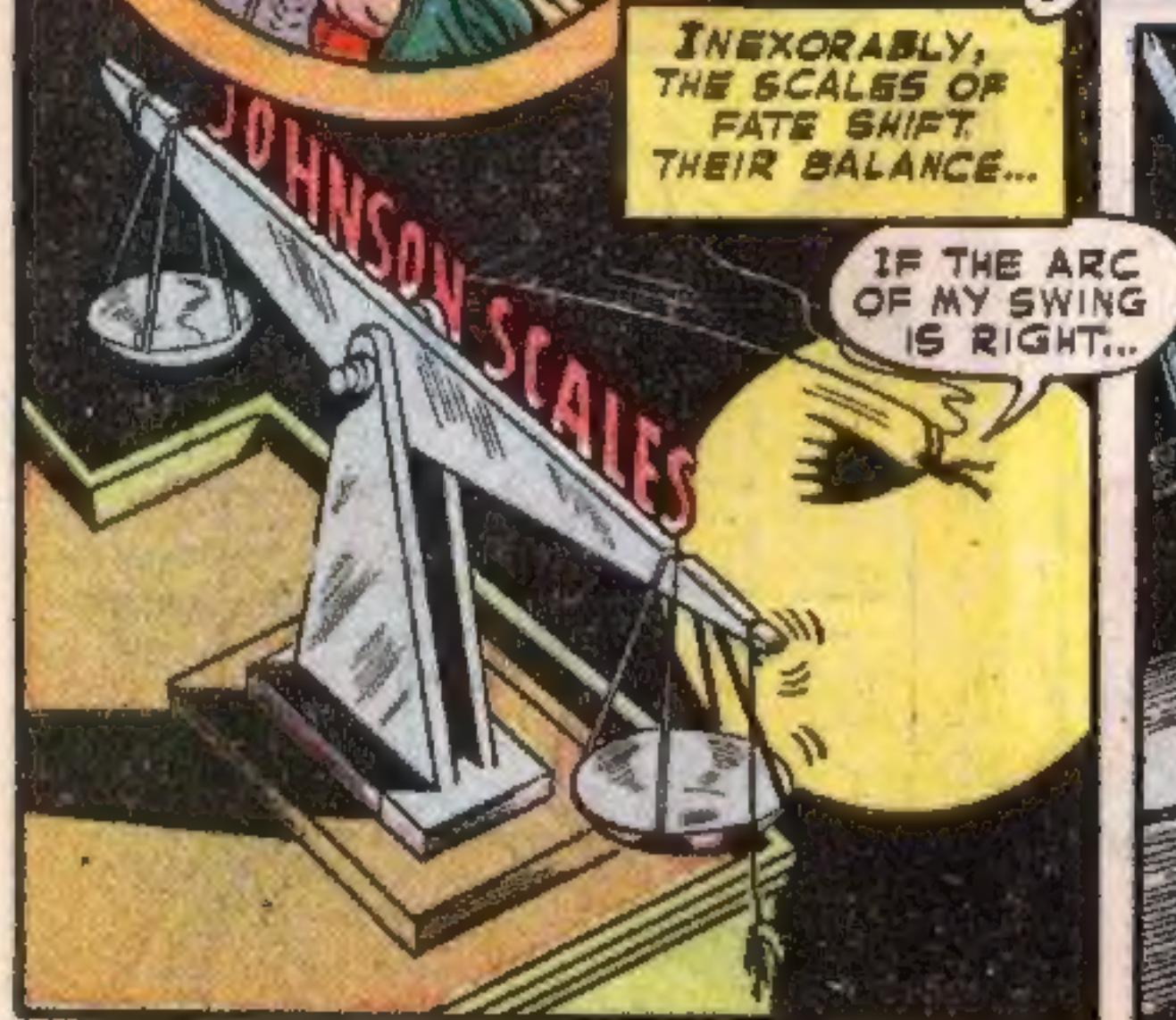
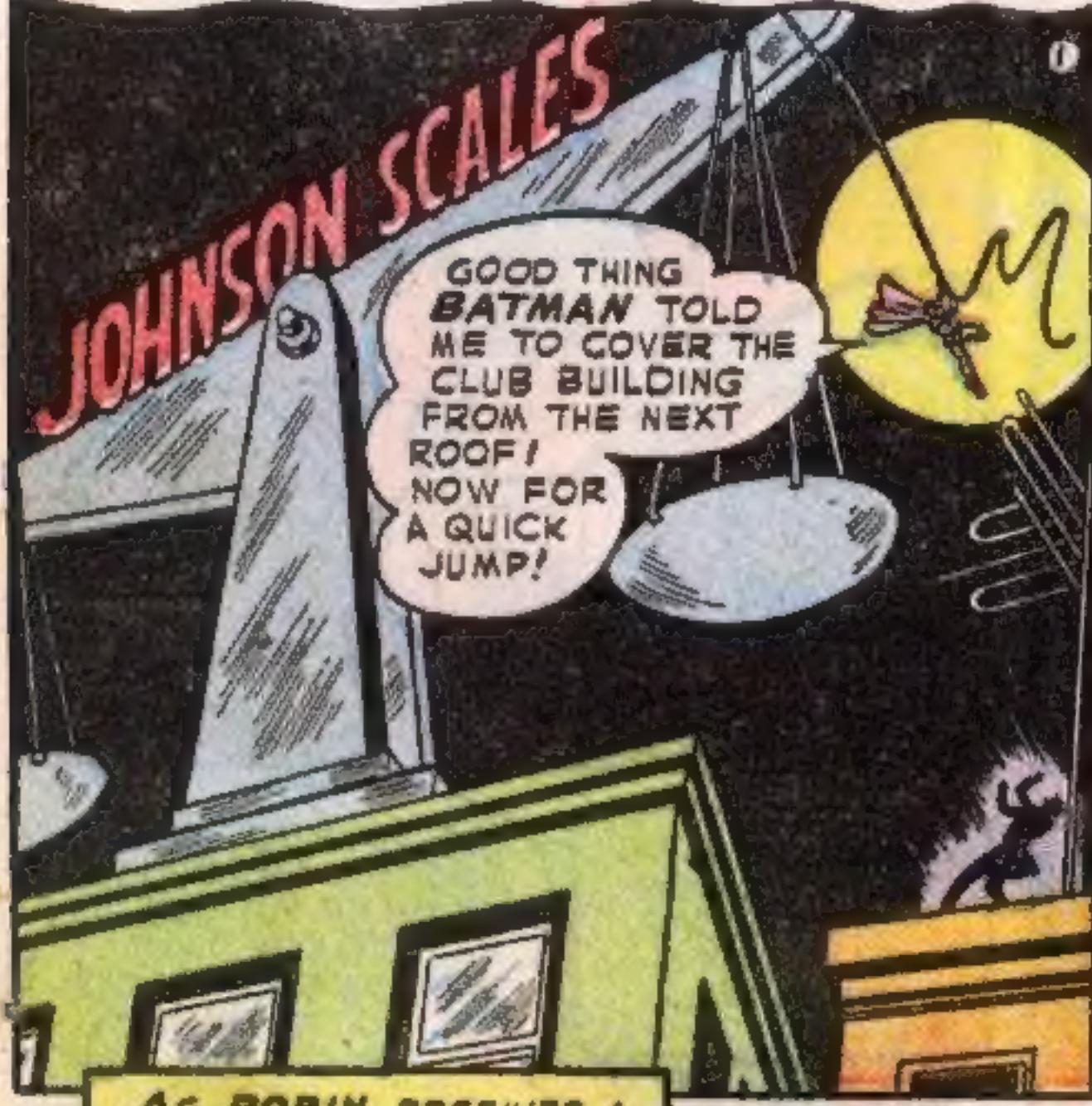
I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND A POLICEMAN!

I'D BETTER SWITCH TO BATMAN OR THEY'LL SUSPECT MY IDENTITY IF I GO INTO ACTION!

WHAT HAPPENED?

# DETECTIVE COMICS

BUT AS "EARL WARWICK" SWIFTLY BECOMES BATMAN IN THE ALLEY'S CONCEALMENT, THE BOY WONDER IS ALREADY IN ACTION!

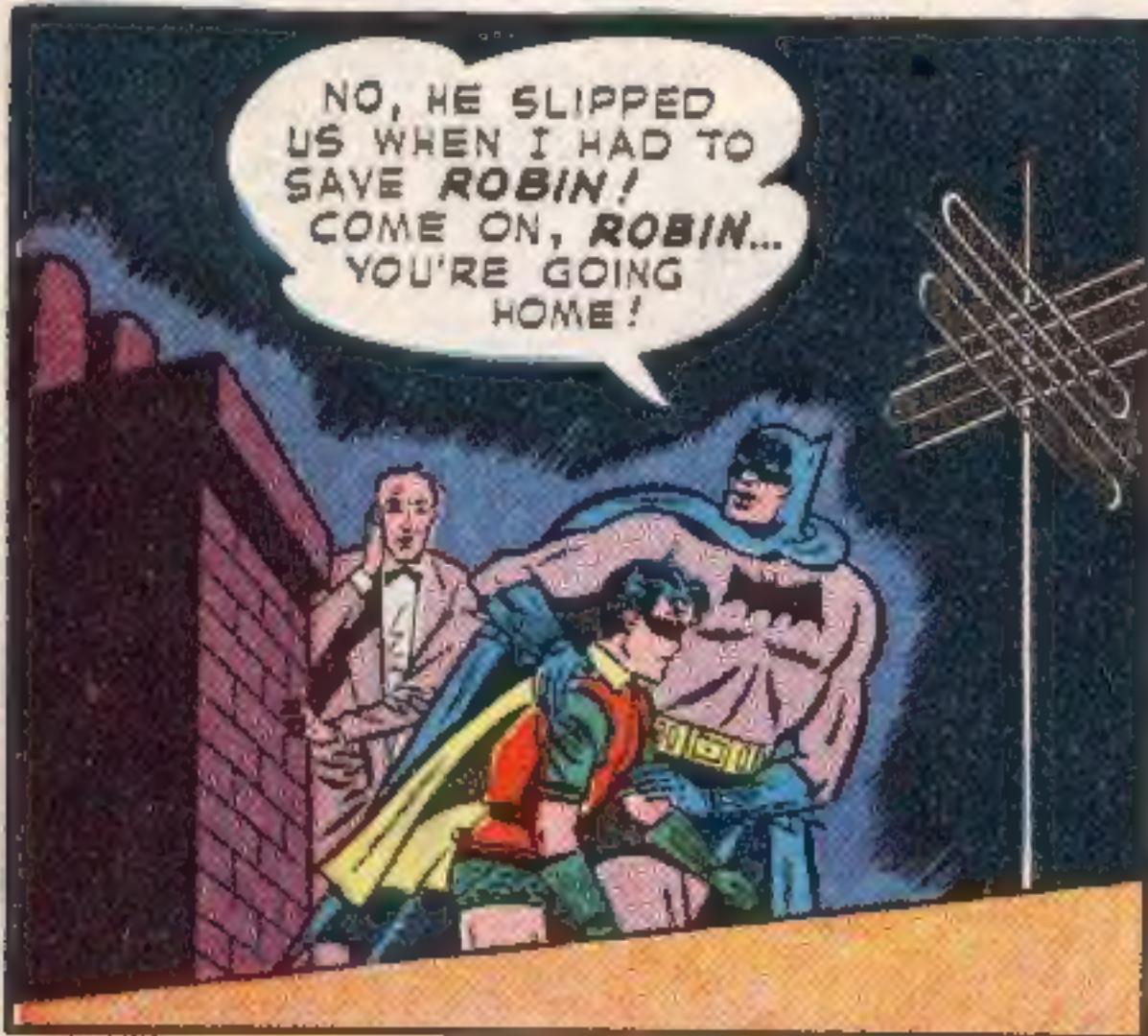
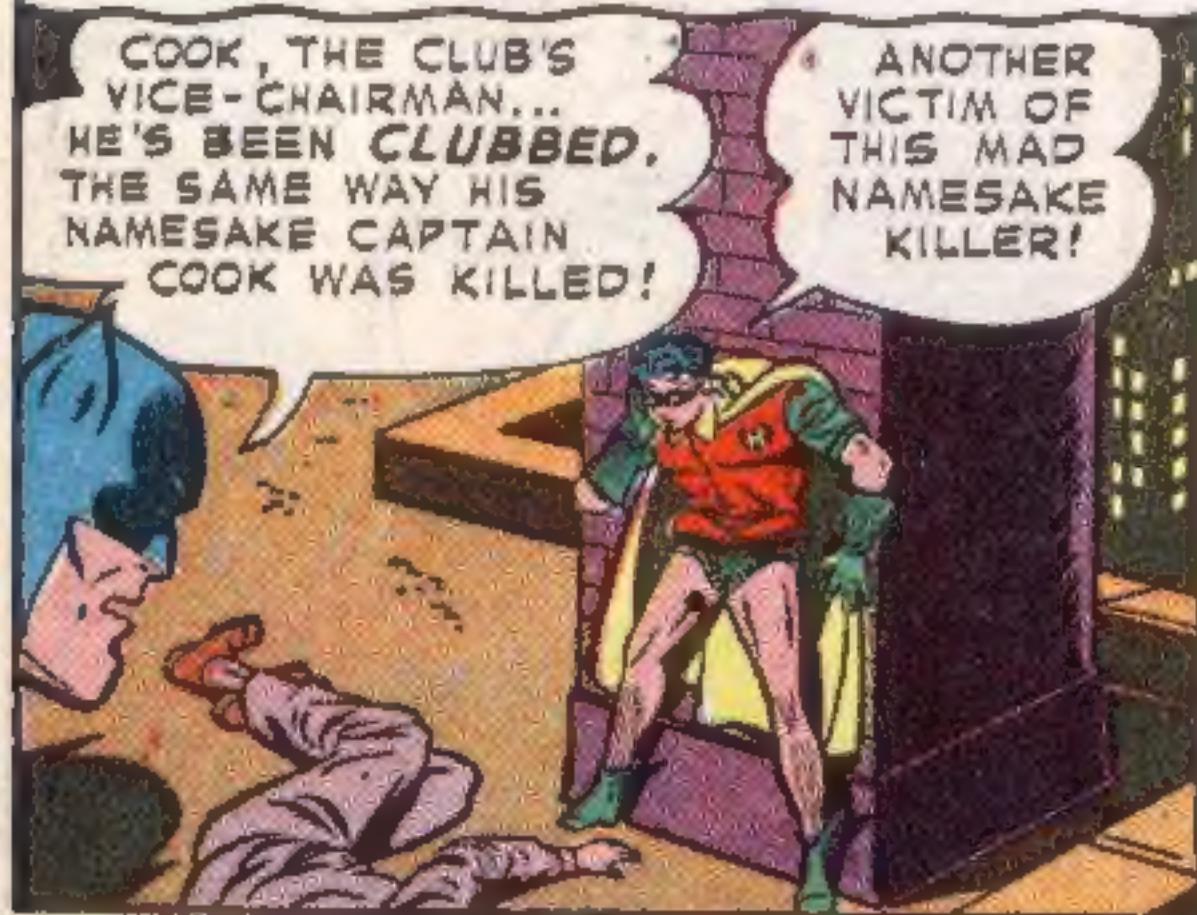




# DETECTIVE COMICS



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER GETTING THE  
STILL-GROGGY ROBIN TO THE CLUB'S  
BUILDING ROOF...



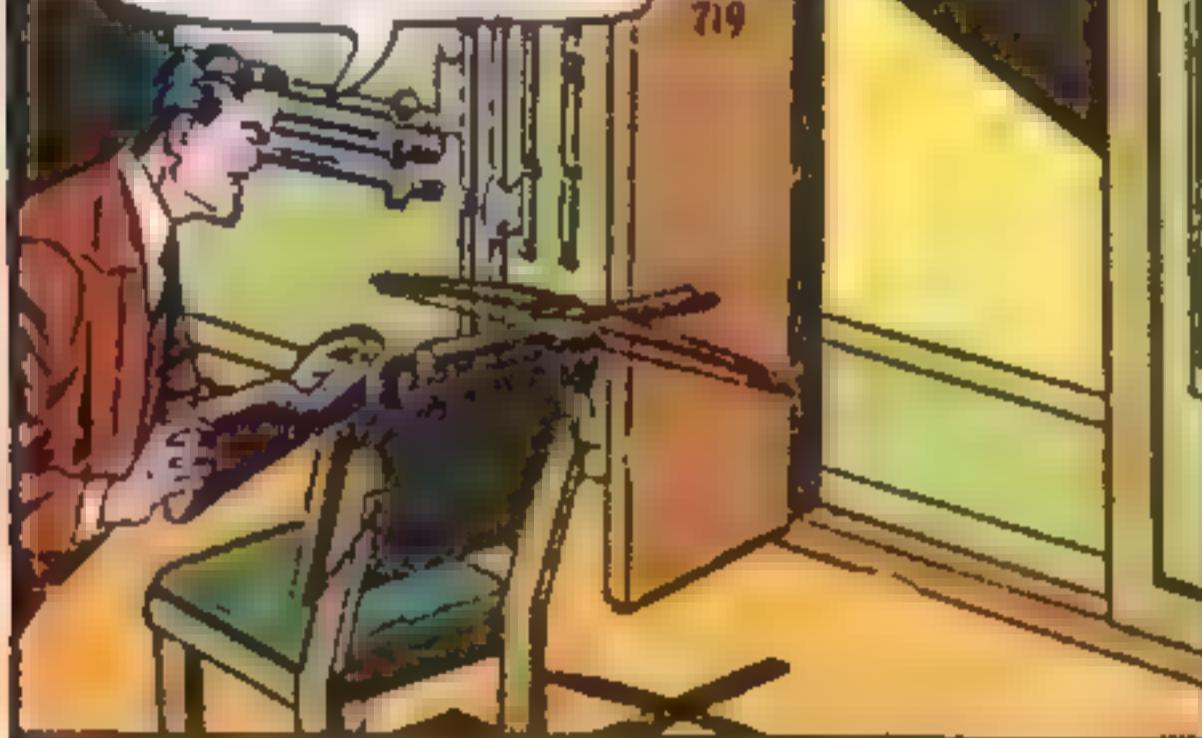
AT THE DOOR TO "EARL WARWICK'S" ROOMS,  
A SUDDEN TENSE PAUSE!



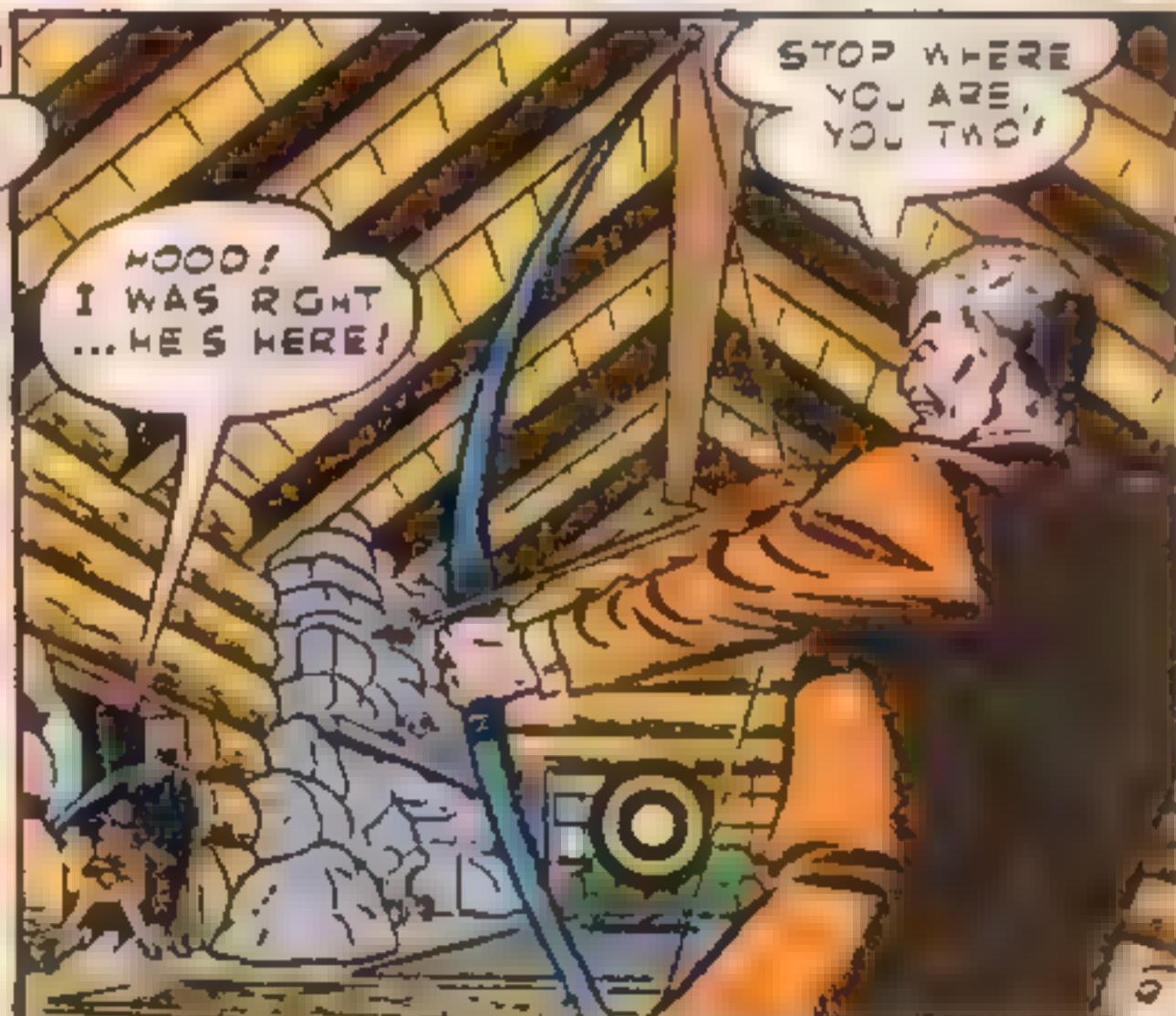
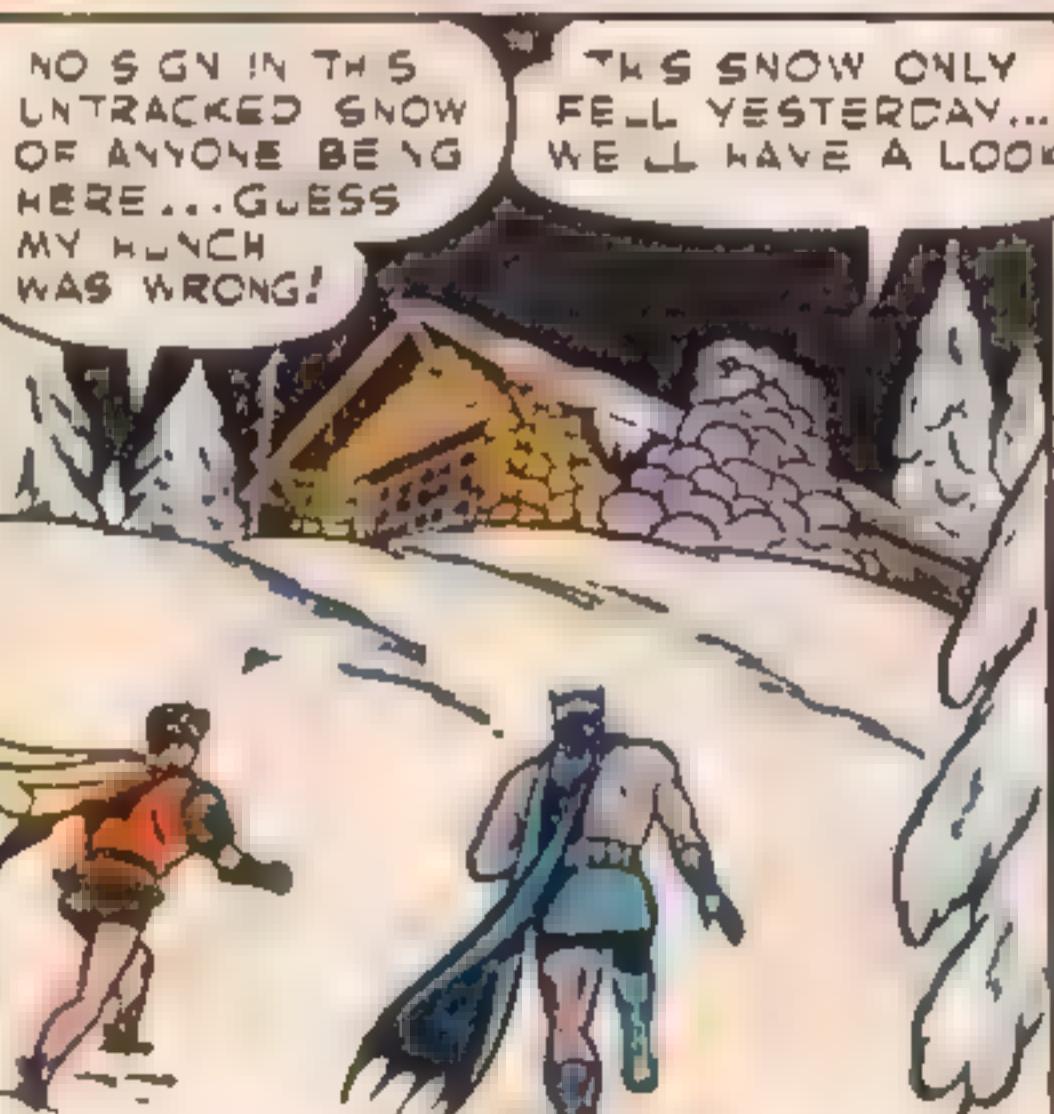
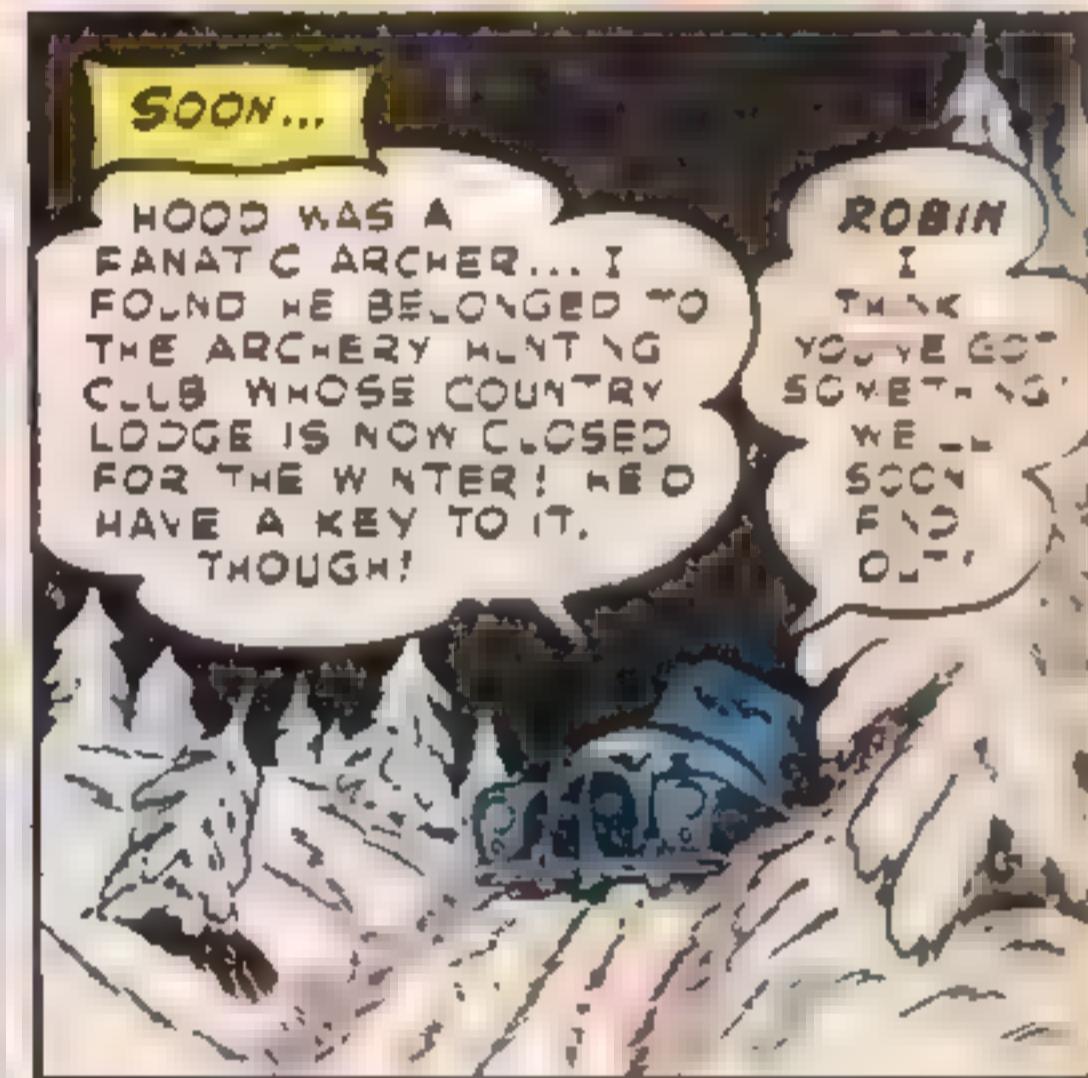
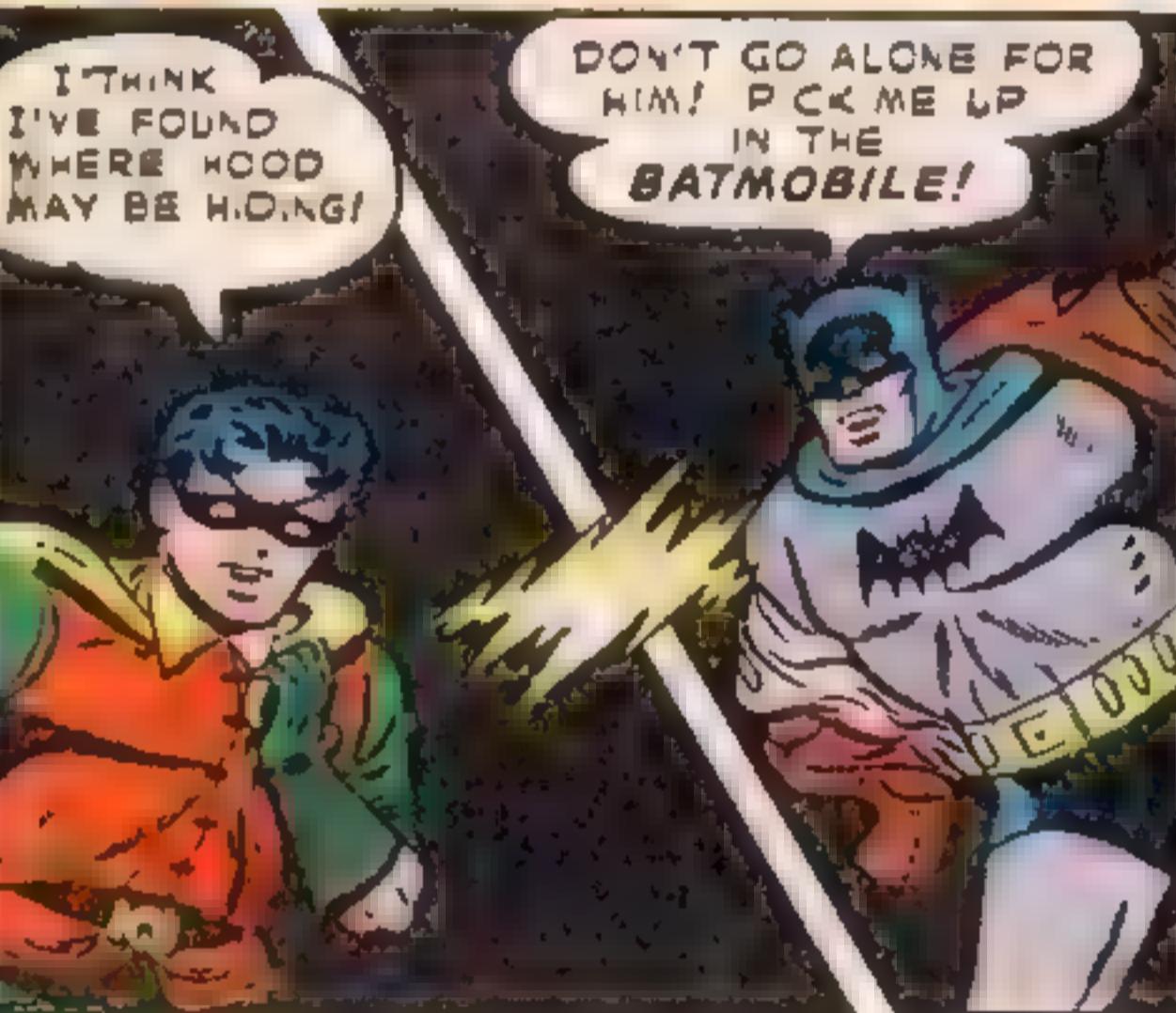
# DETECTIVE COMICS



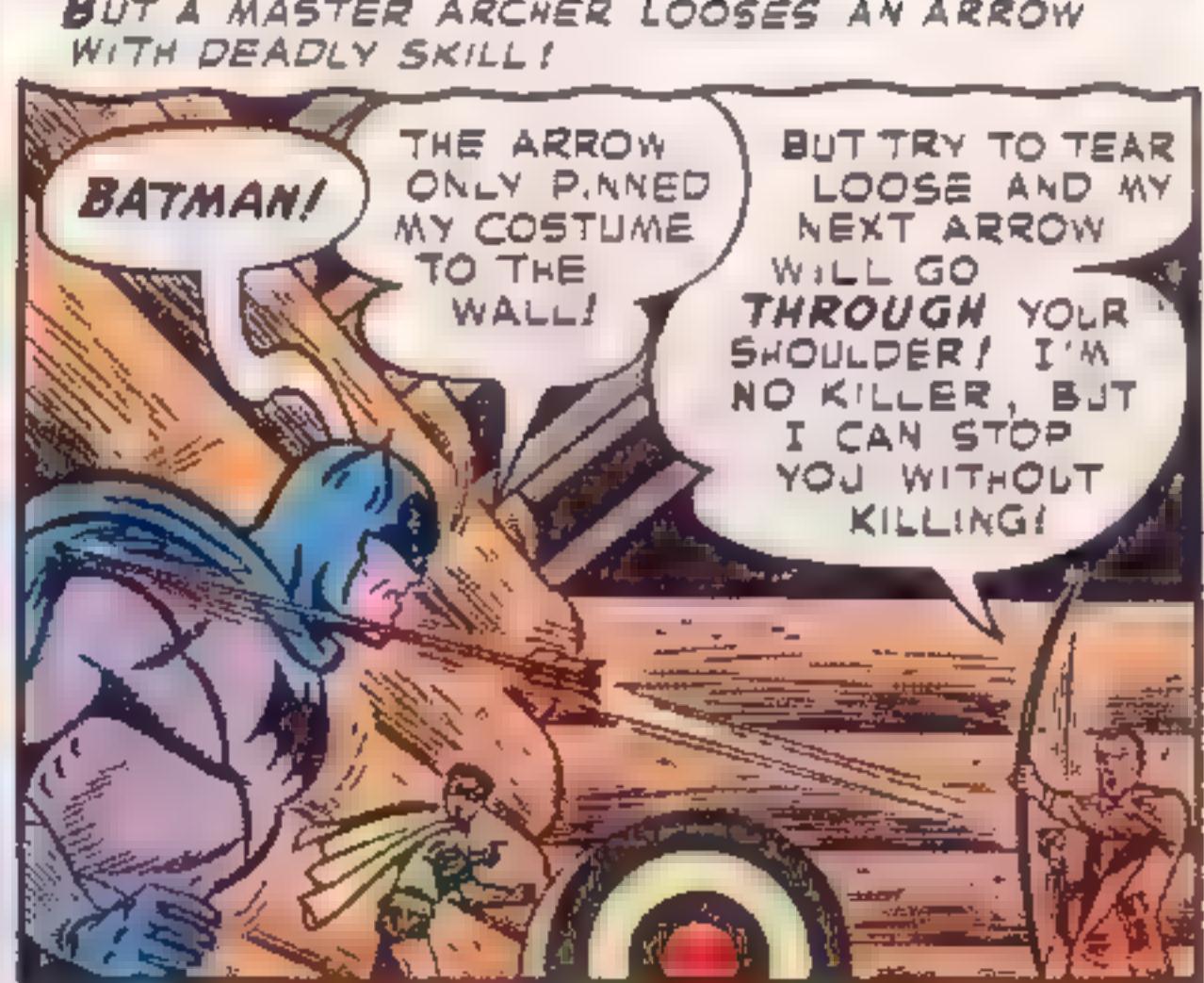
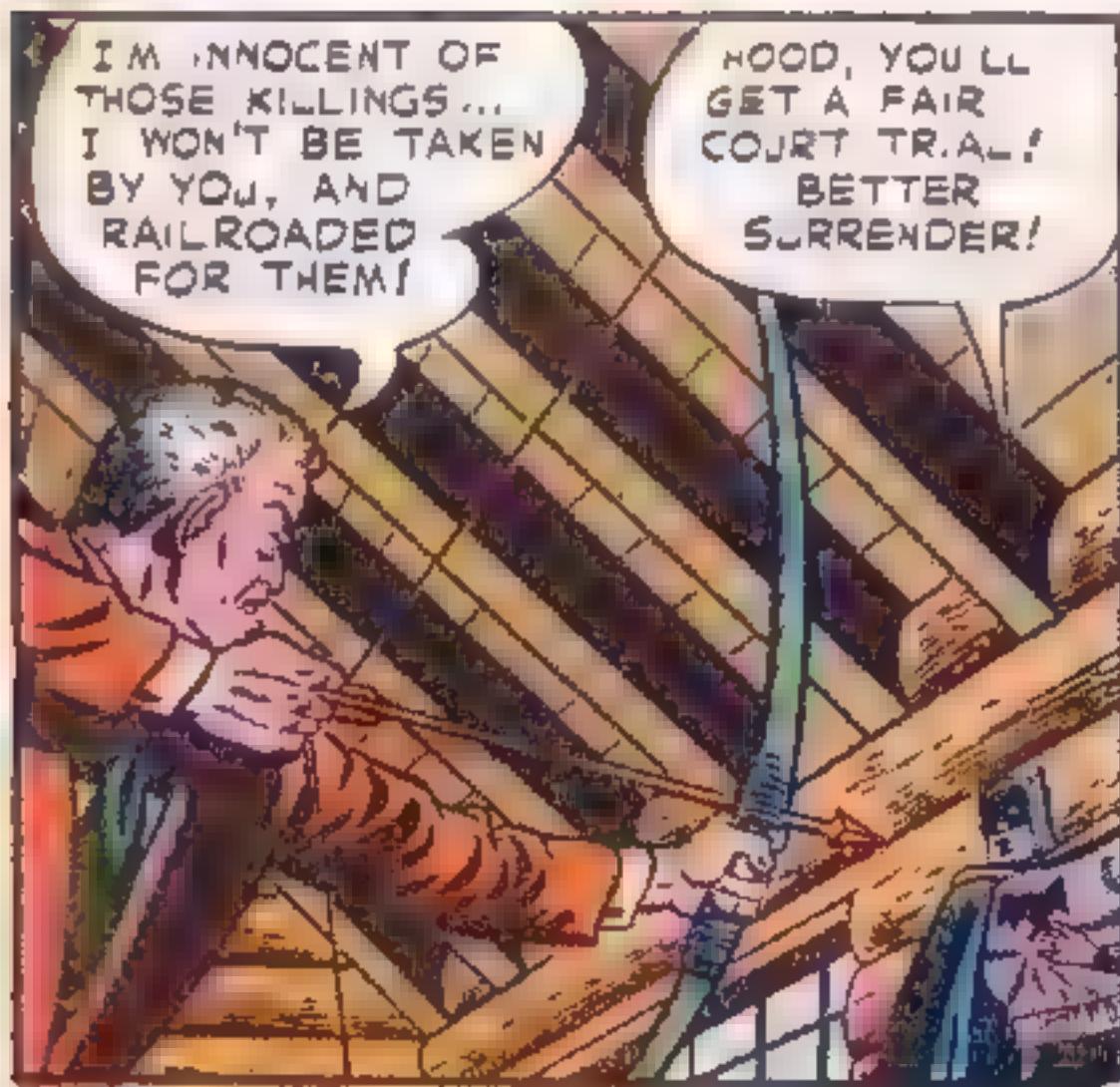
THIS CROSSBOW WAS SET TO FIRE A SHORT-SWORD AT MY HEART WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR! IT'S WELL I SEALED THE DOOR WITH A SILK THREAD OUTSIDE, AND KNEW SOME PROWLER HAD ENTERED!



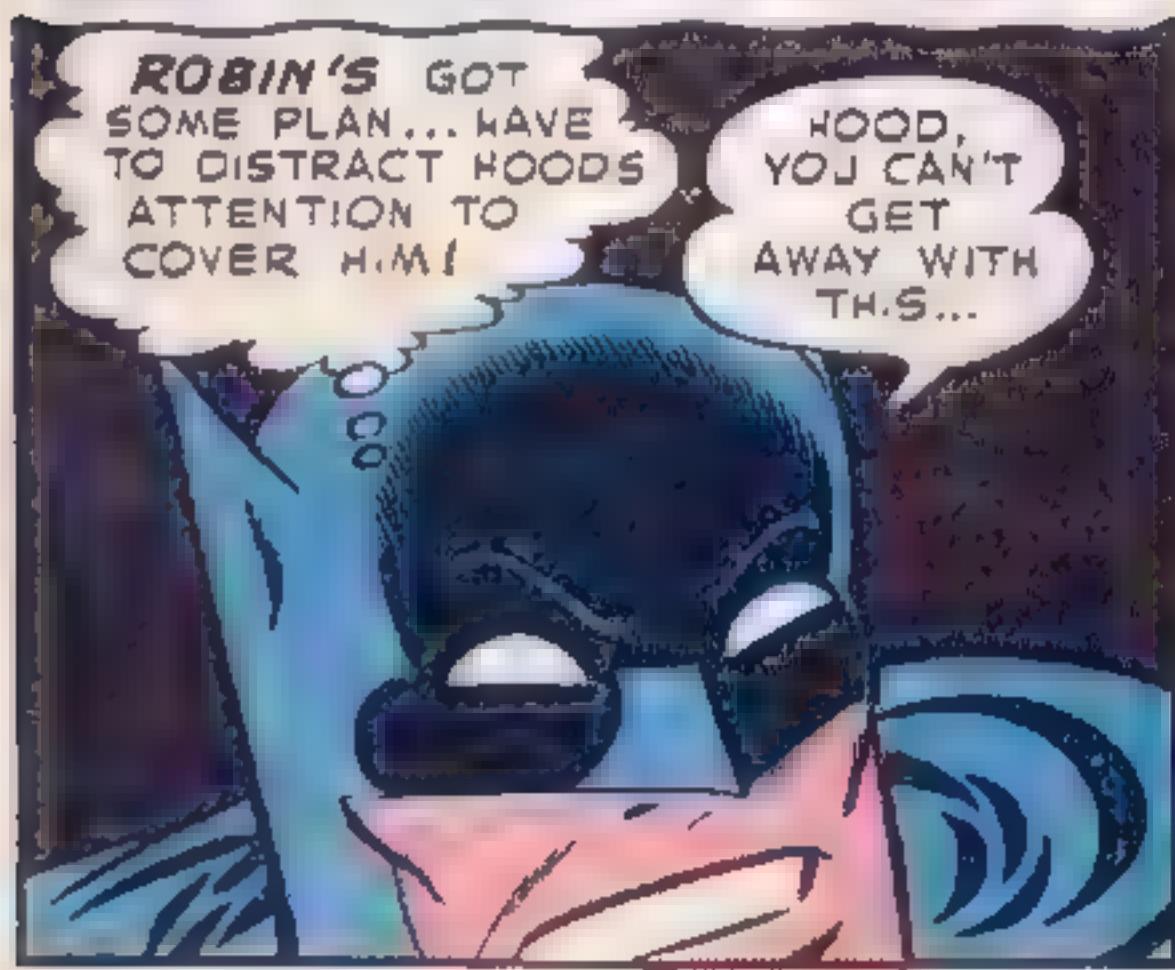
SUDDENLY, FROM THE UTILITY BELT BEINGE HIS DISGUISE, BATMAN DETECTS AN ALARMABLE B-ZZ!



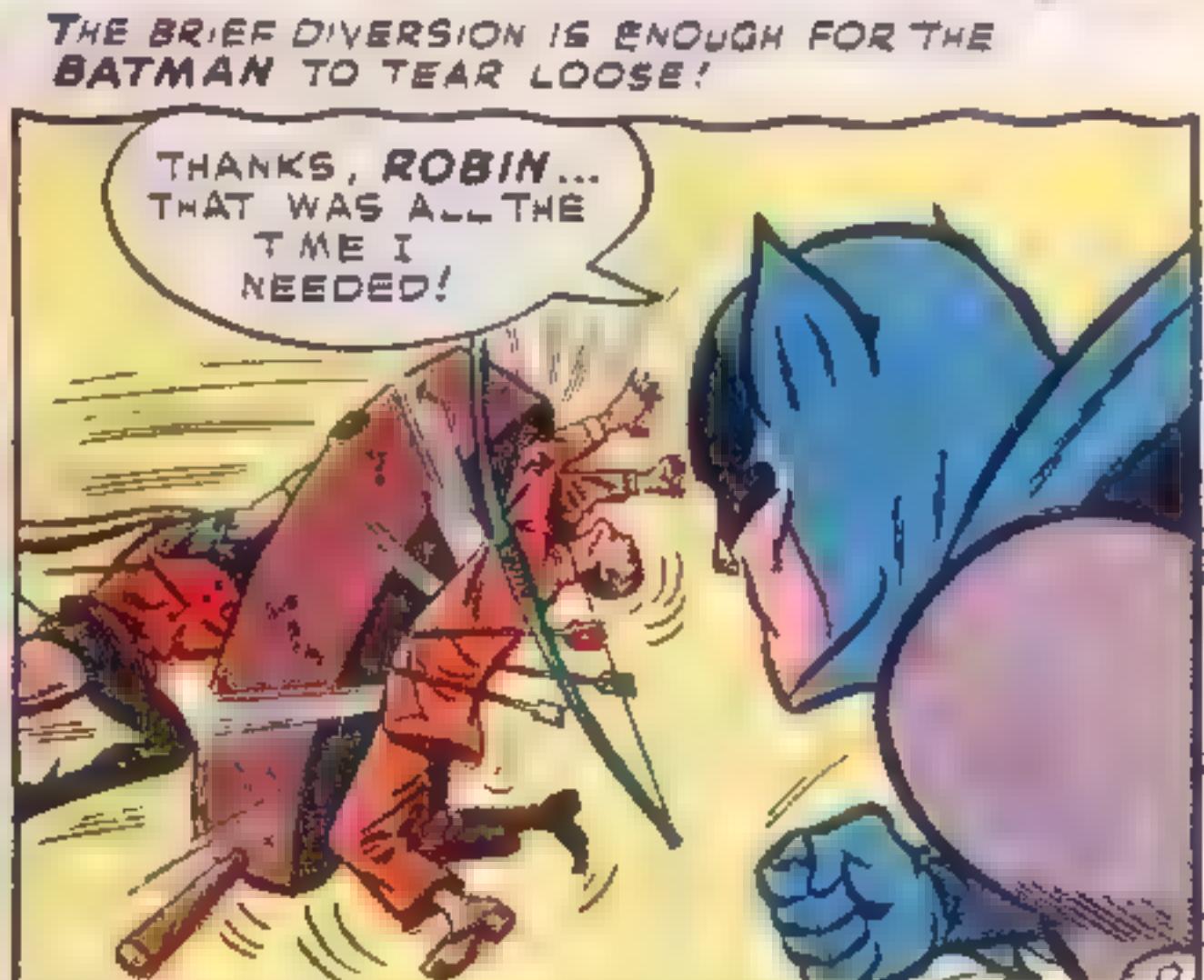
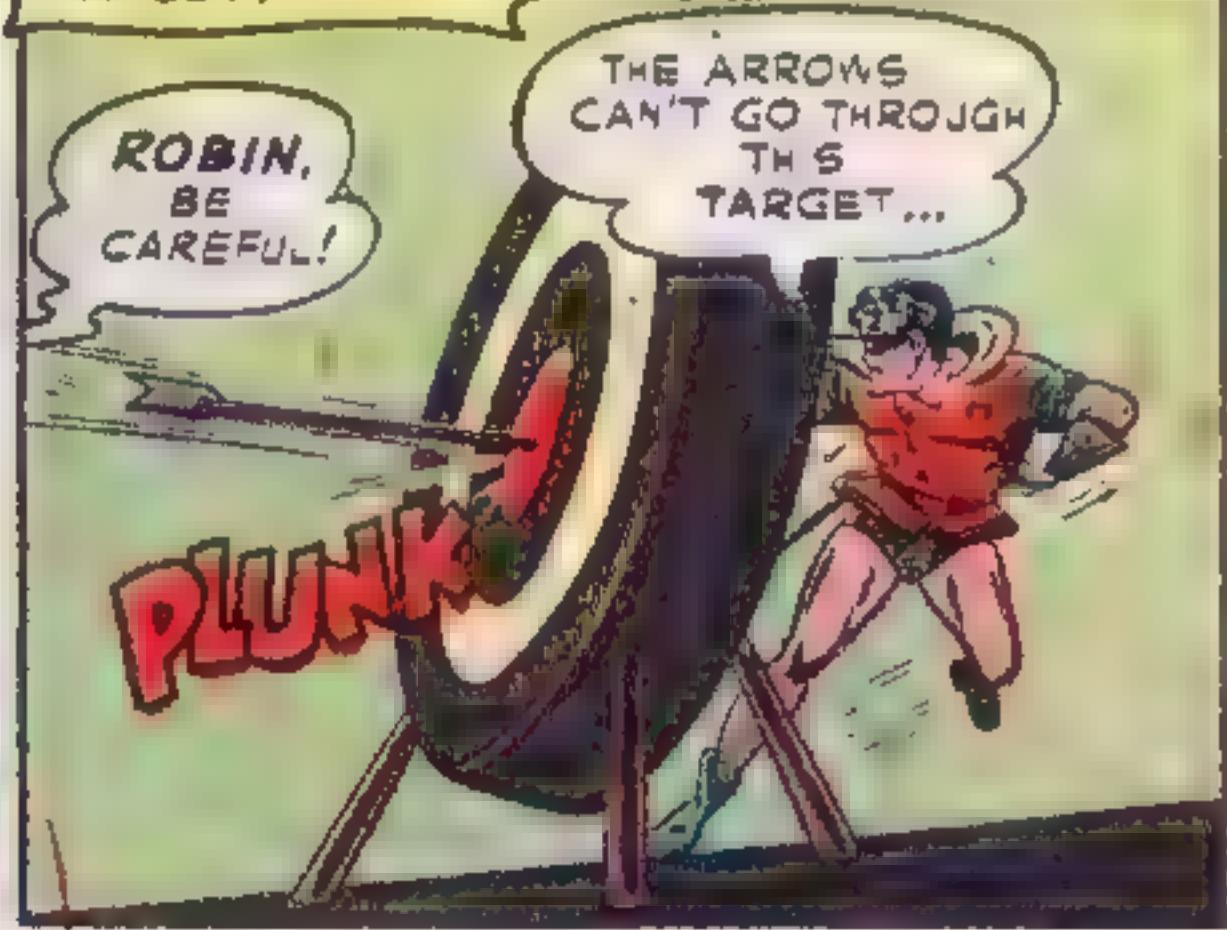
# DETECTIVE COMICS



TENSELY, IN THE SILENCE, BATMAN SEEKS A WAY OUT OF THE IMPASSE!



SUDDENLY, THE BOY WONDER SPRINGS BEHIND THE SHELTER OF A BIG ARCHERY TARGET!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



PRESIDENTLY...

CALL THE  
OFFICERS OF  
THE NAMESAKE  
CLUB AND TELL THEM  
WE'VE CAUGHT HOOD!



SOON, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

YOU'VE  
PREVENTED  
MORE  
MURDERS.  
BY  
CATCHING  
THIS  
KILLER!

HOOD IS NOT THE KILLER! HE  
HID IN THE ARCHERY LODGE,  
AFTER THE FIRST MURDER, IN  
FEAR OF BEING ACCUSED! BUT  
THE SNOW THAT FELL AROUND  
IT, BEFORE THE ATTACK ON  
MOORE, SHOWS HE COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN OUT OF THE LODGE  
AT THAT TIME!



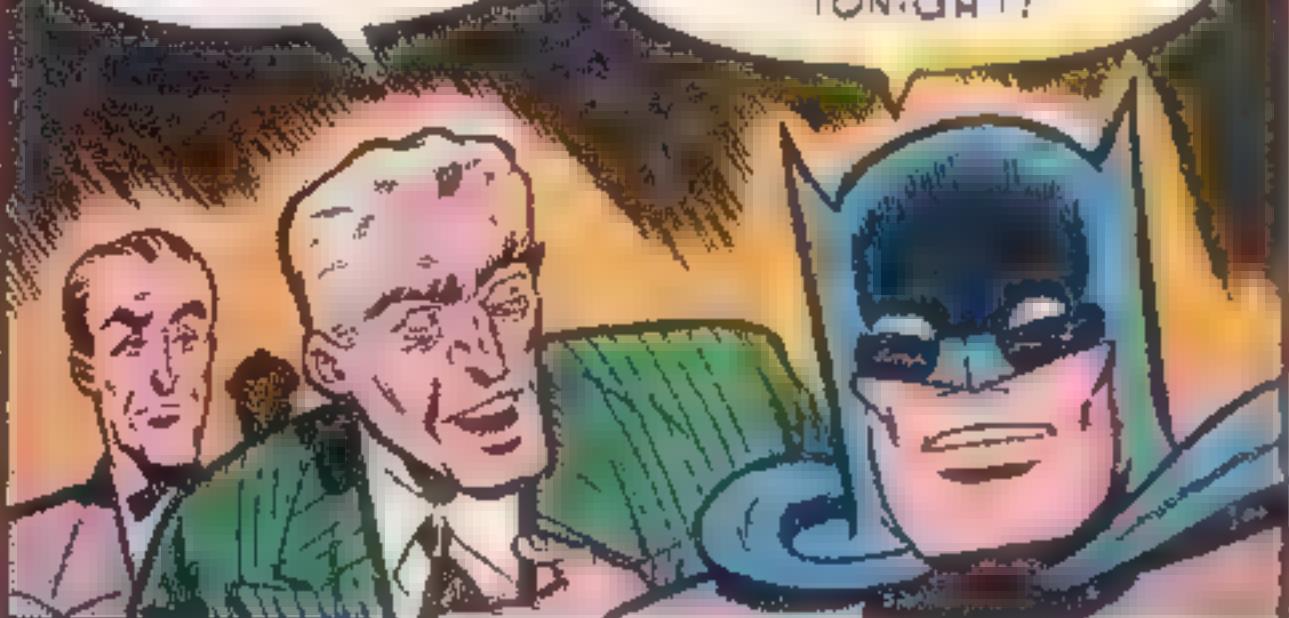
BUT WHO  
ELSE WOULD  
KILL OUR  
MEMBERS?  
THERE'S  
NO ONE ELSE  
WITH A  
MOTIVE!

GREED FOR MONEY  
IS ALWAYS A MOTIVE,  
AND MONEY IS INVOLVED... THE BE-  
QUESTS MEMBERS  
INCLUDED IN THEIR  
WILLS, TO THE  
NAMESAKE  
CLUB!

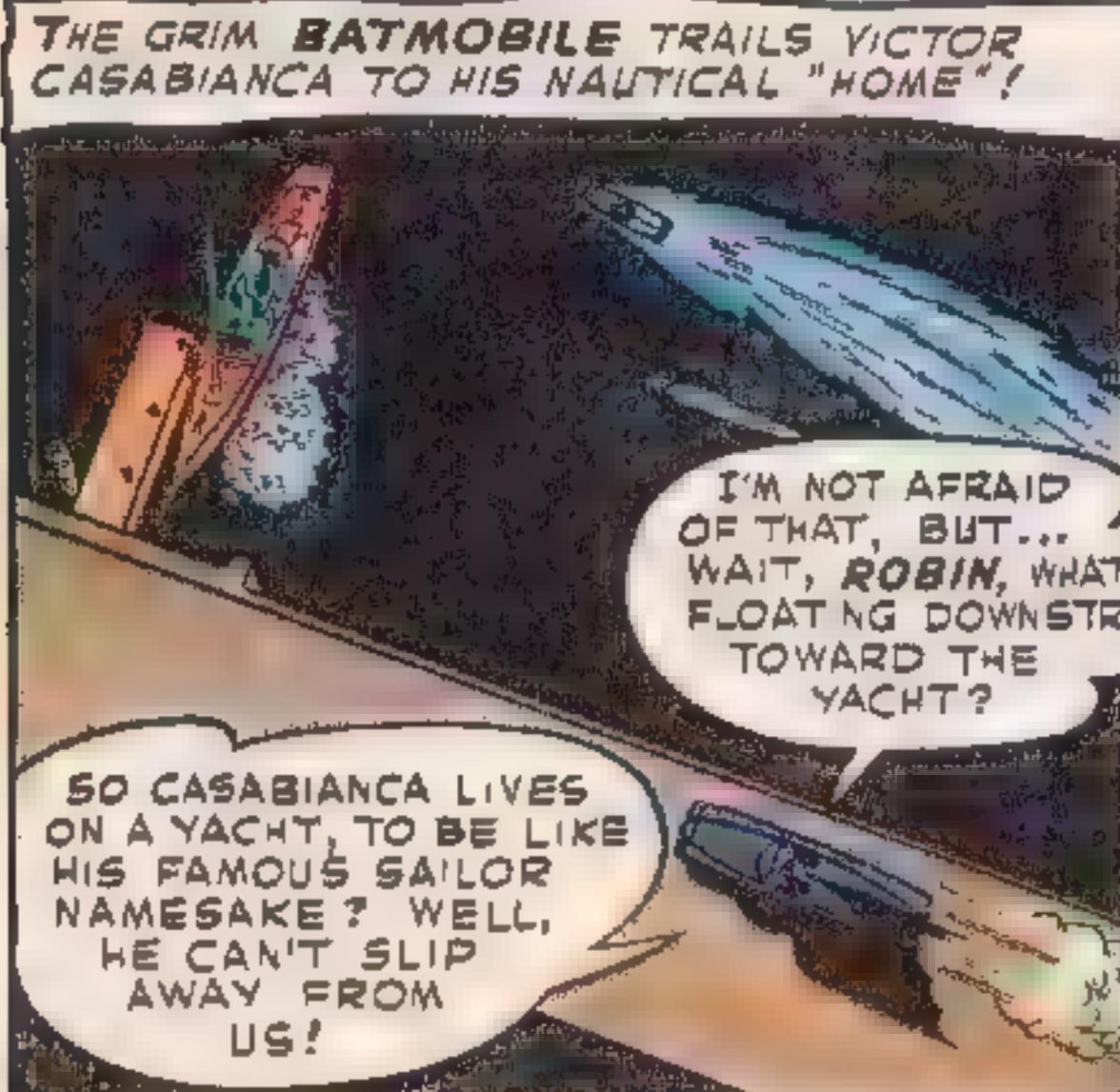


BUT... AS CHAIRMAN,  
I WOULD ADMINISTER  
THAT MONEY! YOU  
CERTAINLY DON'T  
SUSPECT...

I WANT YOU TO BRING  
A LIST OF ALL BEQUESTS  
BY THE MURDERED  
MEMBERS TO THE  
NAMESAKE CLUB  
TONIGHT!



THE GRIM BATMOBILE TRAILS VICTOR  
CASABIANCA TO HIS NAUTICAL "HOME"!

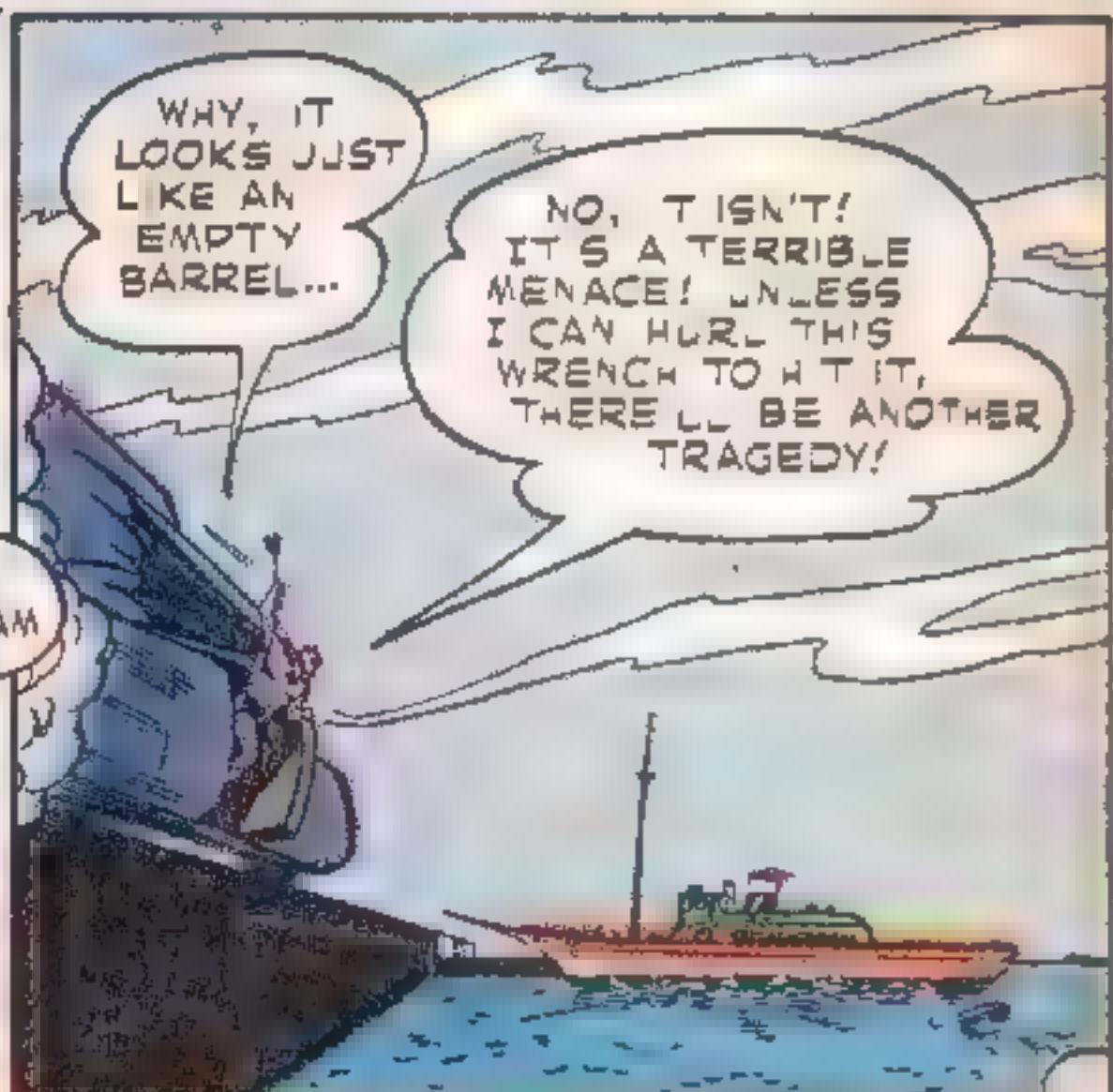


I'M NOT AFRAID  
OF THAT, BUT...  
WAIT, ROBIN, WHAT'S  
FLOATING DOWNSTREAM  
TOWARD THE  
YACHT?

SO CASABIANCA LIVES  
ON A YACHT, TO BE LIKE  
HIS FAMOUS SAILOR  
NAMESAKE? WELL,  
HE CAN'T SLIP  
AWAY FROM  
US!

WHY, IT  
LOOKS JUST  
LIKE AN  
EMPTY  
BARREL...

NO, IT ISN'T!  
IT'S A TERRIBLE  
MENACE! UNLESS  
I CAN HURL THIS  
WRENCH TO HIT IT,  
THERE'LL BE ANOTHER  
TRAGEDY!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



AS THE BATMAN HURLS THE HEAVY WRENCH WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH AND SKILL, IT STRIKES ITS GOAL AND...

IT WAS A FLOATING MINE, AND WOULD HAVE BLOWN UP CASABIANCA AND HIS YACHT!

YES, AND IT WAS RELEASED FROM THAT SPEED-BOAT THAT PASSED! BUT WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM AT THE HIGHWAY BRIDGE!

IT'S COOK, THE VICE-CHAIRMAN! THEN HE...

EVEN THE FASTEST OF SPEEDBOATS CAN'T OUTDISTANCE THE MIGHTY BATMOBILE! MOMENTS LATER...

YES, HE'S OUR MAN!

AFTER THE STUNNED KILLER HAS BEEN TAKEN ASHORE AND SEARCHED...

LISTEN TO THIS NOTE I FOUND ON H.M.: "I CANNOT ESCAPE MY GUILT SO I SHALL PERISH LIKE MY GREAT NAMESAKE BY BLOWING MYSELF UP." IT'S SIGNED VICTOR CASABIANCA!

YES, A FORGED NOTE THAT WOULD MAKE CASABIANCA SEEM A GUILTY SUICIDE! WITH HIM DEAD, COOK WOULD INHERIT HIS POSITION AND WOULD ADMISTER THOSE BEQUESTS!

COOK GOT THE IDEA WHEN HOOD MADE THOSE ANGRY THREATS... HE THOUGHT HE COULD MAKE HOOD THE FALL GUY FOR HIS PLAN!

BUT THE KILLER STUNNED COOK, ON THE ROOF!

NO, HE FADED THAT ATTACK TO FRAME HOOD! WHEN HOOD PROVED INNOCENT, I KNEW IT WASN'T CASABIANCA, FOR HE WAS DOWN AT THE STREET ENTRANCE WHEN THAT HAPPENED!

YOU GOT HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS, BATMAN!

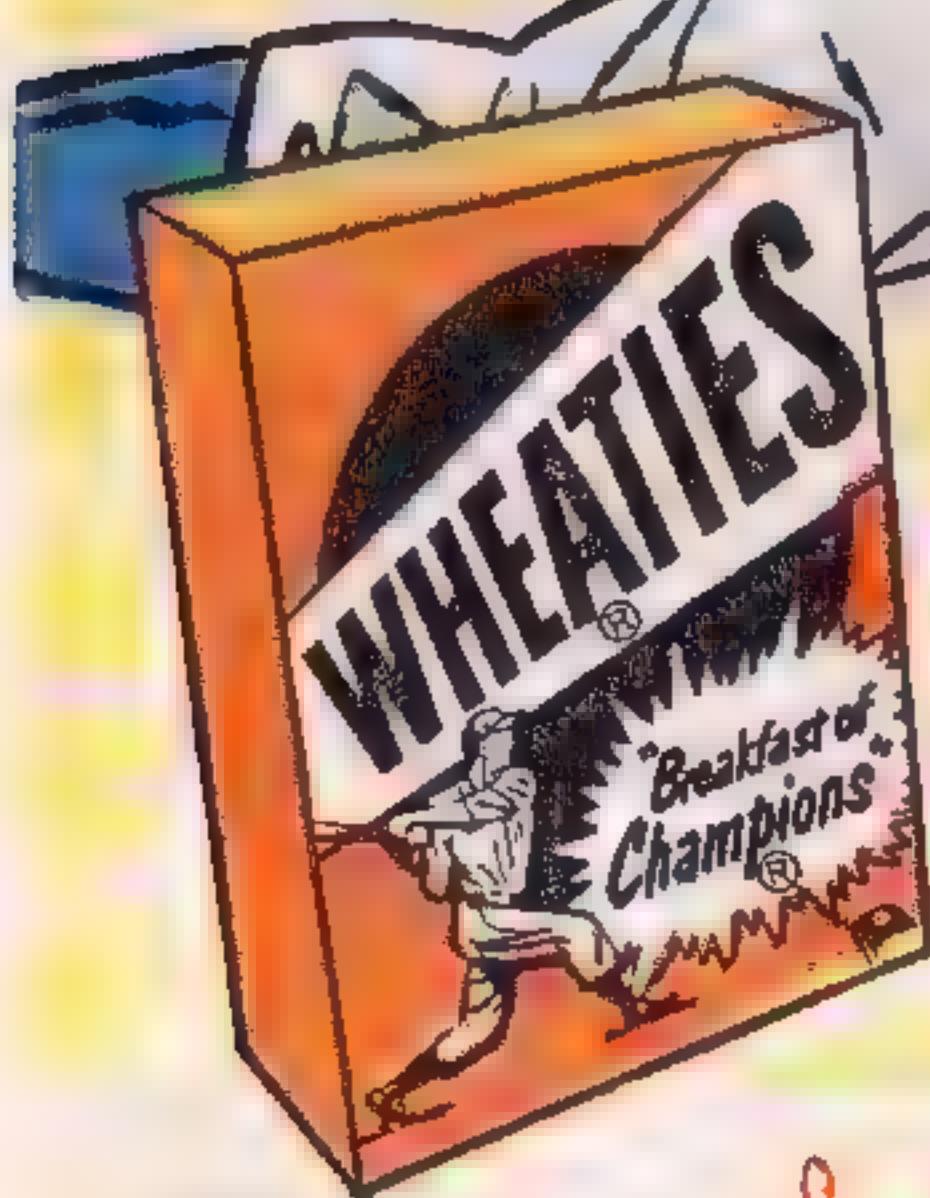
WEEKS LATER...

IRONICAL, INDEED! HIS NAMESAKE, CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, DIED FROM A SAVAGE'S CLUB... AND THIS COOK DIED, TOO, BECAUSE OF A "CLUB"... THE NAMESAKE CLUB HE SOUGHT TO DEFRAUD!

Gotham Gazette  
COOK PAYING PENALTY FOR CRIMES!

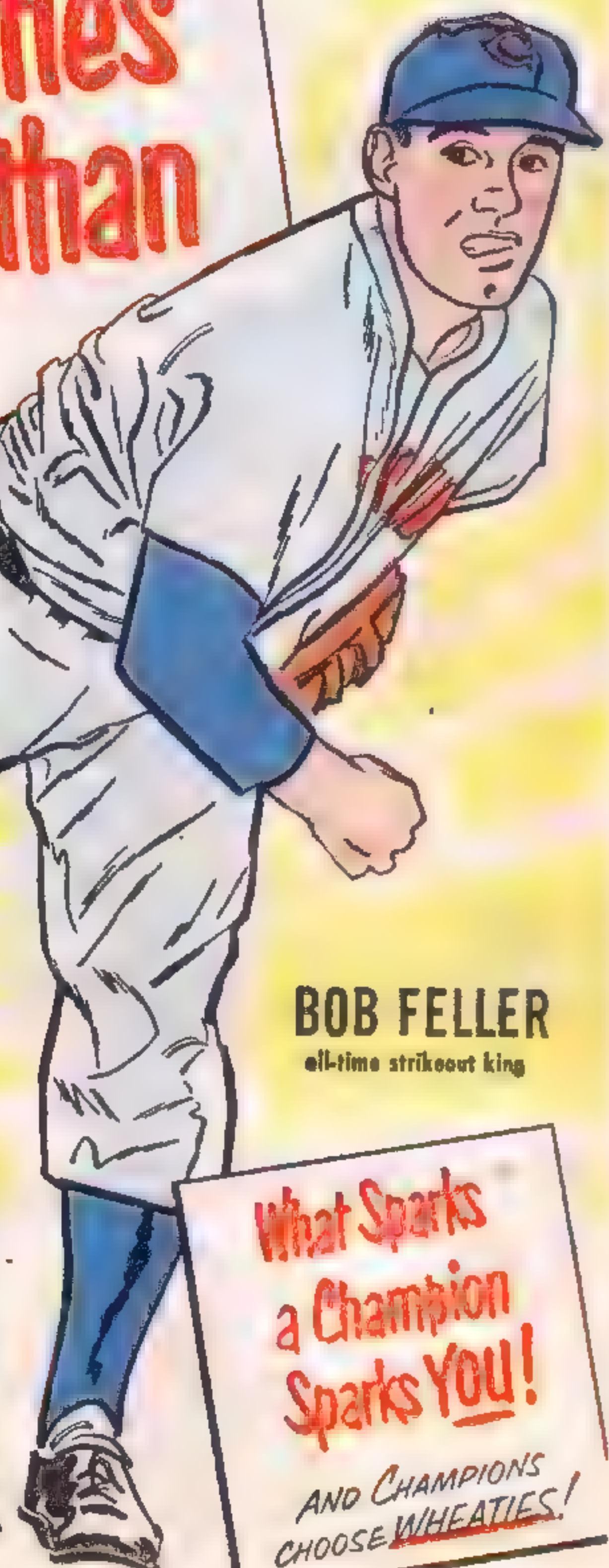
I grew up on Wheaties and believe me—

# New Wheaties are better than ever!"



NEW WHEATIES ARE Super Flaked!

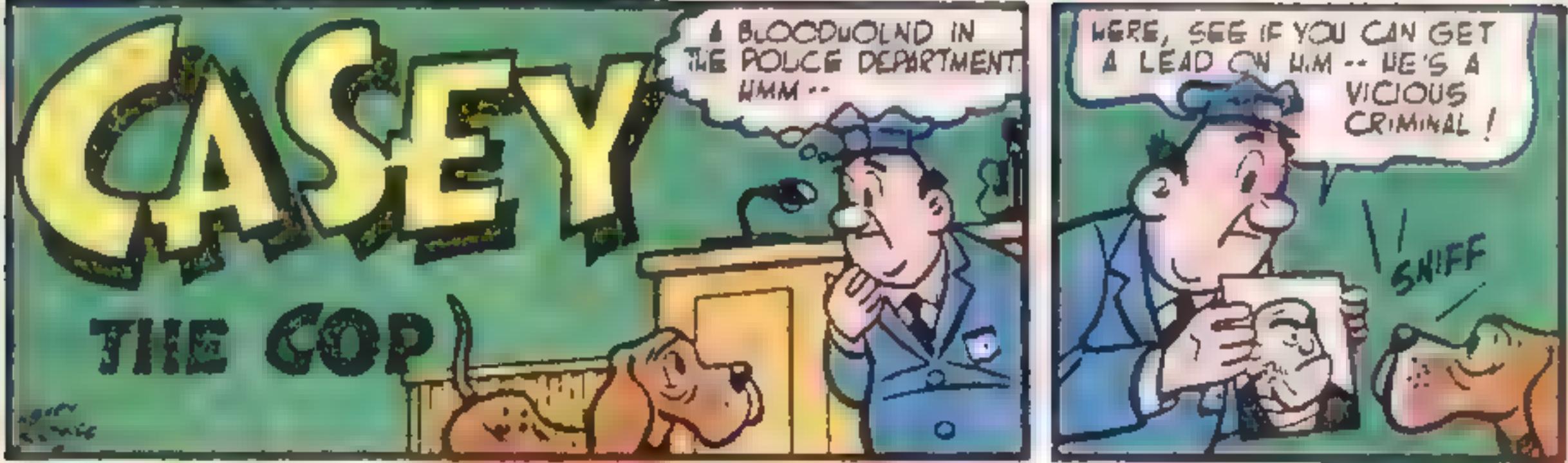
See the difference—taste the difference in new Wheaties! Flakes are bigger, with a lighter, brighter golden color. And you can't get a crisper whole wheat flake than new Wheaties. All that famous Wheaties energy, too—because there's a whole kernel of wheat in every Wheaties flake!



**BOB FELLER**  
all-time strikeout king

What Sparks  
a Champion  
Sparks You!

AND CHAMPIONS  
CHOOSE **WHEATIES!**



ADVERTISMENT

### RIDDLES WE THINKS by Necco

**W**HAT IS ROUND ON BOTH ENDS AND HIGH IN THE MIDDLE?

GIVE UP?  
SEE BELOW\*

OHO-ZEMSHV.

**W**HAT CANDY IS ROUND IN SHAPE AND HIGH IN PLEASURE?  
THAT'S **Necco** WAFERS.  
THE ORIGINAL SUGAR WAFER CANDY!

**NECCO**

DOZENS 'N DOZENS  
IN EVERY ROLL!

# IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THE BELIEF THAT HUMAN BEINGS, LIKE VEGETABLES, CAN BE PRESERVED INDEFINITELY IN A DEEP-FROZEN STATE? AND LIVE TO TELL THE TALE? SO FAR, NO SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO PROVE OR DISPROVE THIS THEORY! BUT THAT IS WHY, NOT ONLY ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF TV'S TOP SHOW, "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE"; BUT REKNOWNED SCIENTISTS THE WORLD OVER, COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES WHEN THEY DISCOVERED...

## The **MAN IN THE ICEBERG!**

THIS IS EXACTLY HOW WE FOUND HIM IN THE ICEBERG, MR RAYMOND... AND WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE MAY BE CENTURIES OLD!

WONLDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF HE WERE STILL ALIVE, ROY? OR WOULD IT?



ONE DAY AS THE SCHOONER, MARIA, CARRYING A GROUP OF EXPLORERS, SLICES THROUGH THE ICY WATERS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC...

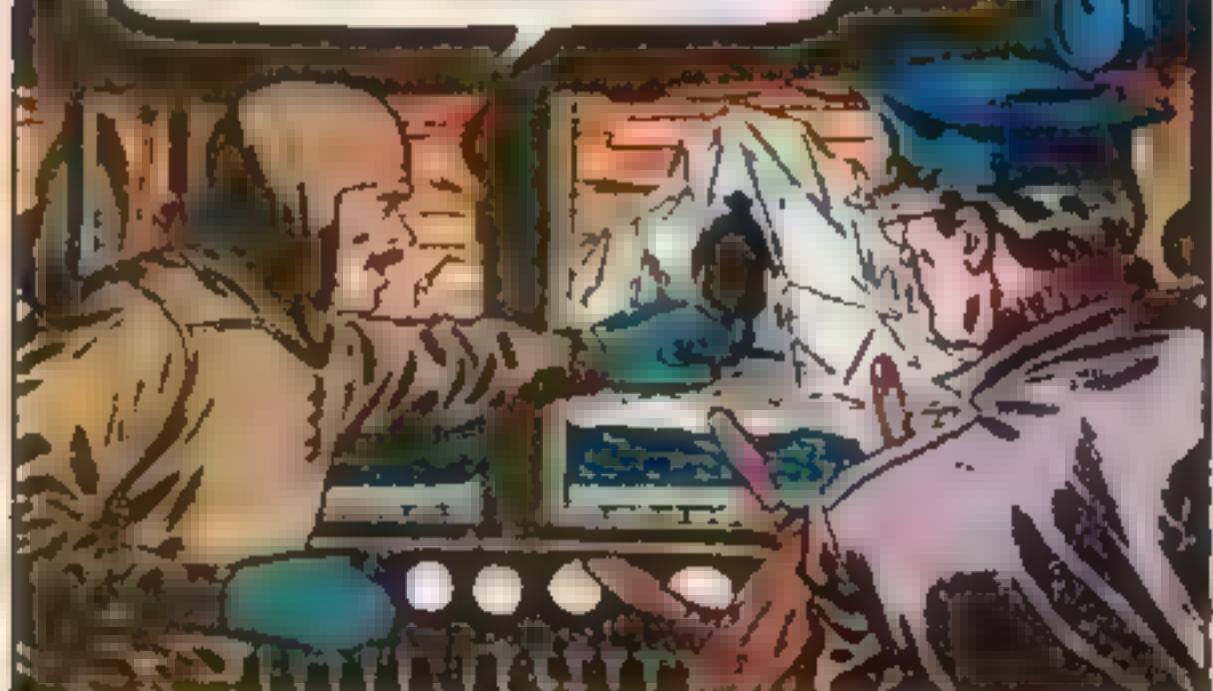
"ER . CAPTAN' AM I SEEING THINGS, OR IS THAT THE FIGURE OF A MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT ICEBERG?"

AND, SOON, UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION...

GREAT JUPITER! IT'S A MAN ALL RIGHT .. FROZEN SOLID!

IT SHOT A VERY LARGE ICEBERG! LET'S BORE THROUGH AND DUG HIM OUT!

THIS IS ONE PICTURE I NEVER EXPECTED TO GET!



# DETECTIVE COMICS

AFTER HOURS OF BACK BREAKING LABOR IN THE BUD...  
ZERO COLD...

STRANGE KID OF COSTUME  
... LOOKS LIKE A PIRATE  
OR SOMETHING!

EASY WITH THAT PICK...WE'RE  
ONLY INCHES AWAY  
FROM HIM!

AND SOON...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...THE MAN WAS A PIRATE,  
AND PROBABLY LIVED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!  
I'D SURE GIVE A LOT TO HEAR HIS  
STORY!



MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO  
AT THAT, PETERSON. THIS  
MAN IS ALIVE!

WHAT? BY GEORGE.  
YES, THERE IS A  
DEFINITE PULSE BEAT!  
INCREDIBLE! QUICKLY,  
FETCH THE OXYGEN  
TANK!



AND SHORTLY AFTER, TO THE SPEECHLESS ACTION SCENE  
OF ALL...

SHIVER MY TIMBERS! OH  
WE SHAKE OFF THAT SPANISH PRIVATEER? AH,  
NO... I RECALL NOW... THE R CANNON BALLS  
SENT US TO THE BOTTOM, AND WE TOOK TO  
THE RAFTS... BUT... BUT... WHERE AM I  
NOW? AND BY THE LIVING THUNDER,  
WHO ARE YOU ALL?



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, WHILE HEADLINES CRACKLE WITH THE ELECTRIFYING STORY, THE EXPLORERS  
WORK TIRELESSLY TO HELP THE PIRATE FROM THE PAST BRIDGE THE YAWNING GAP OF 300 YEARS...

JOHN AND  
PIRATE DICK ★  
FLINT NO HOAX

FLINT HAS ADDED GREATLY  
TO OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
LATE 18TH CENTURY!

FLINT  
WAS MEMBER  
OF CAPT. KIDD  
CREW!!

NEW  
REAL PIRATE  
SCOFFS  
MOVIE AT  
PIRATE

SHIVER MY  
SIDES WE  
WEREN'T THAT  
VILLA NOIS!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



MEANWHILE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC,  
IN ROY RAYMOND'S OFFICE AT THE TV  
STATION...

HE LOOKS LIKE A  
TERRIFIC BET FOR  
THE SHOW, ROY!  
IMAGINE A REAL-  
LIFE PIRATE!

OUT OF THE  
DEEP FREEZE,  
YOU MEAN?  
YES... AMAZING,  
AMAZING!

AT THE SAME TIME, OTHERS INVESTI-  
GATE THE COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES  
OF THE PIRATE...

WE REPRESENT THE WORLD-WIDE  
NEWS SERVICE. IF CAPTAIN FLINT  
AGREES TO WRITE A SERIES OF  
FEATURES ABOUT HIS FAMOUS  
EXPLOITS, WE'LL PAY HIM  
\$1,000 FOR EACH ARTICLE!  
AFTER ALL, HE MUST MAKE  
MONEY SOMEHOW... LOOTING  
SHIPS IS OUT OF STYLE!

BY THUNDER, IT'S A  
BARGAIN! AND  
THERE'S NO LAW  
AGAIN DIGGING UP  
SOME O'THE TREASURE  
ME AND CAPTAIN KIDD  
BURIED, IS THERE?

BURIED  
TREASURE!  
HMM... NEVER  
THOUGHT  
OF THAT!



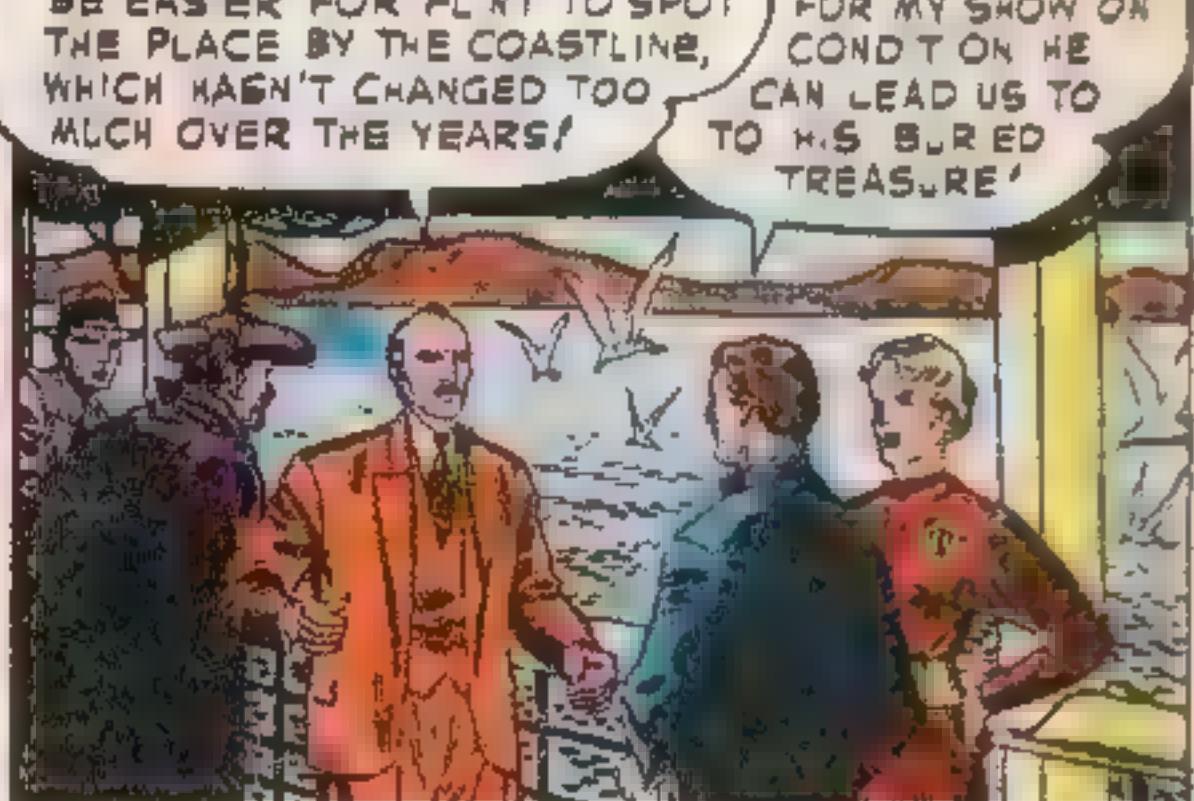
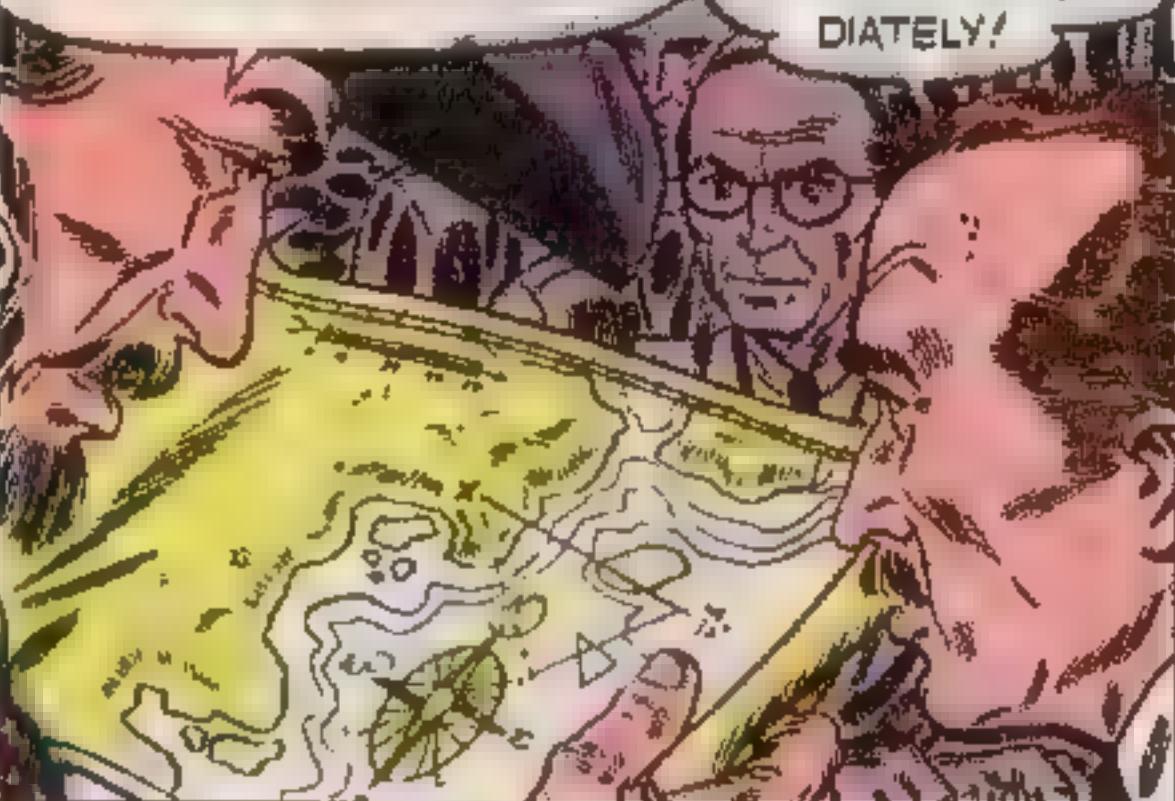
I HAVE THE MAPS SHOWIN'  
EXACTLY WHERE THEY ARE, TOO!  
HERE'S ONE RIGHT HERE WHICH  
WE BURIED ON A ROCK-BOUND  
COAST IN NORTH AMERICA!

MM, LOOKS LIKE  
RHODE ISLAND!  
GENTLEMEN, WE  
SHALL MAKE PLANS  
TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

ACCORDINGLY, THREE WEEKS LATER, AN EAGER  
GROUP, INCLUDING ROY RAYMOND, SETS OUT ON THE  
STRANGE ADVENTURE...

WE'RE GOING BY BOAT SO IT'LL  
BE EASIER FOR FLINT TO SPOT  
THE PLACE BY THE COASTLINE,  
WHICH HASN'T CHANGED TOO  
MUCH OVER THE YEARS!

I HOPE HE DOES!  
I'VE SIGNED FLINT  
FOR MY SHOW ON  
CONDITON HE  
CAN LEAD US TO  
TO HIS BURIED  
TREASURE!



THEN, SUDDENLY...

THERE'S THE PLACE, BY  
THE LIVING THUNDER...  
RIGHT THERE IN THAT  
COVE!

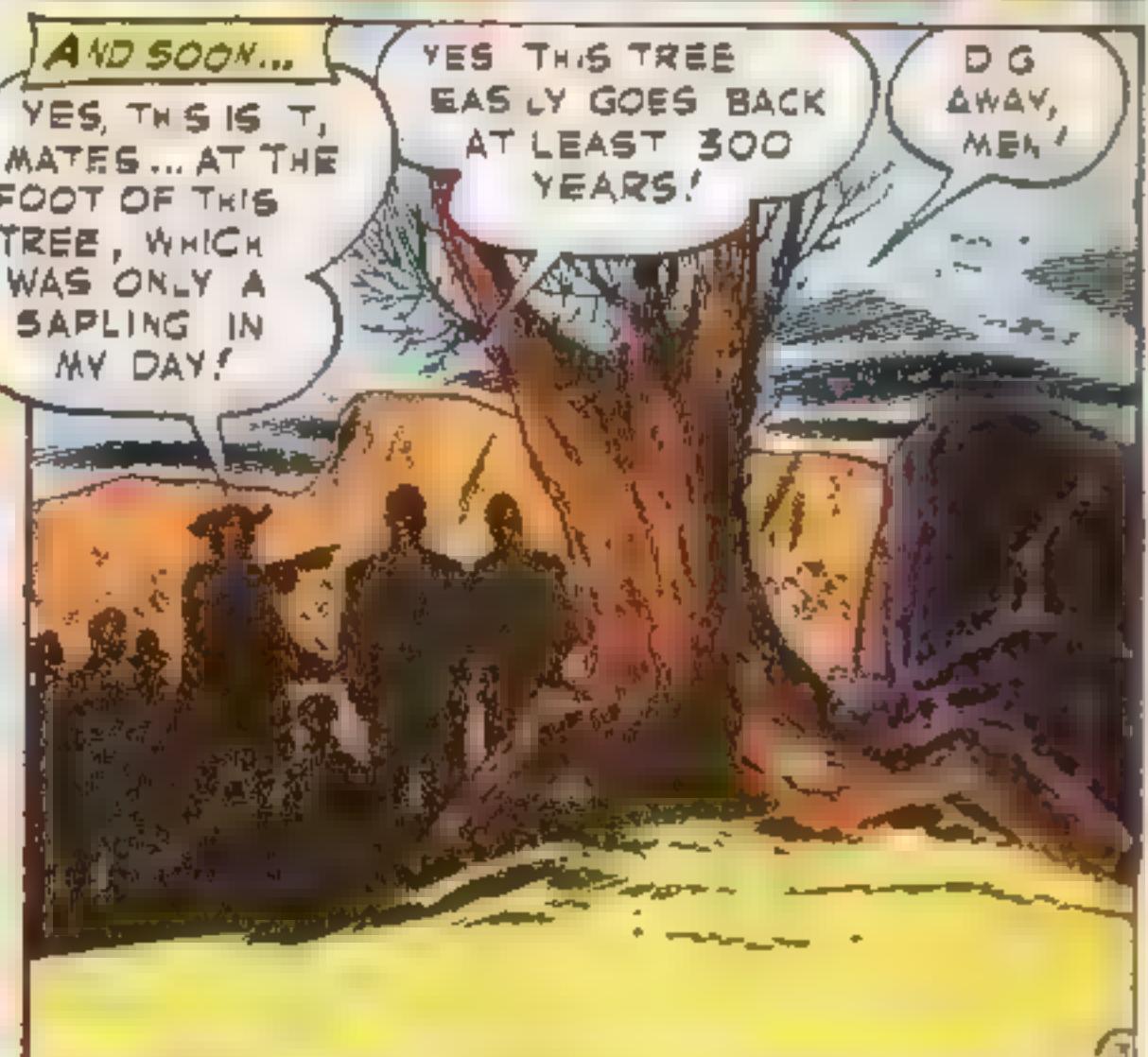
HEAD FOR SHORE,  
CAPTAIN... FLINT'S  
IDENTIFIED THE  
PLACE!

AND SOON...

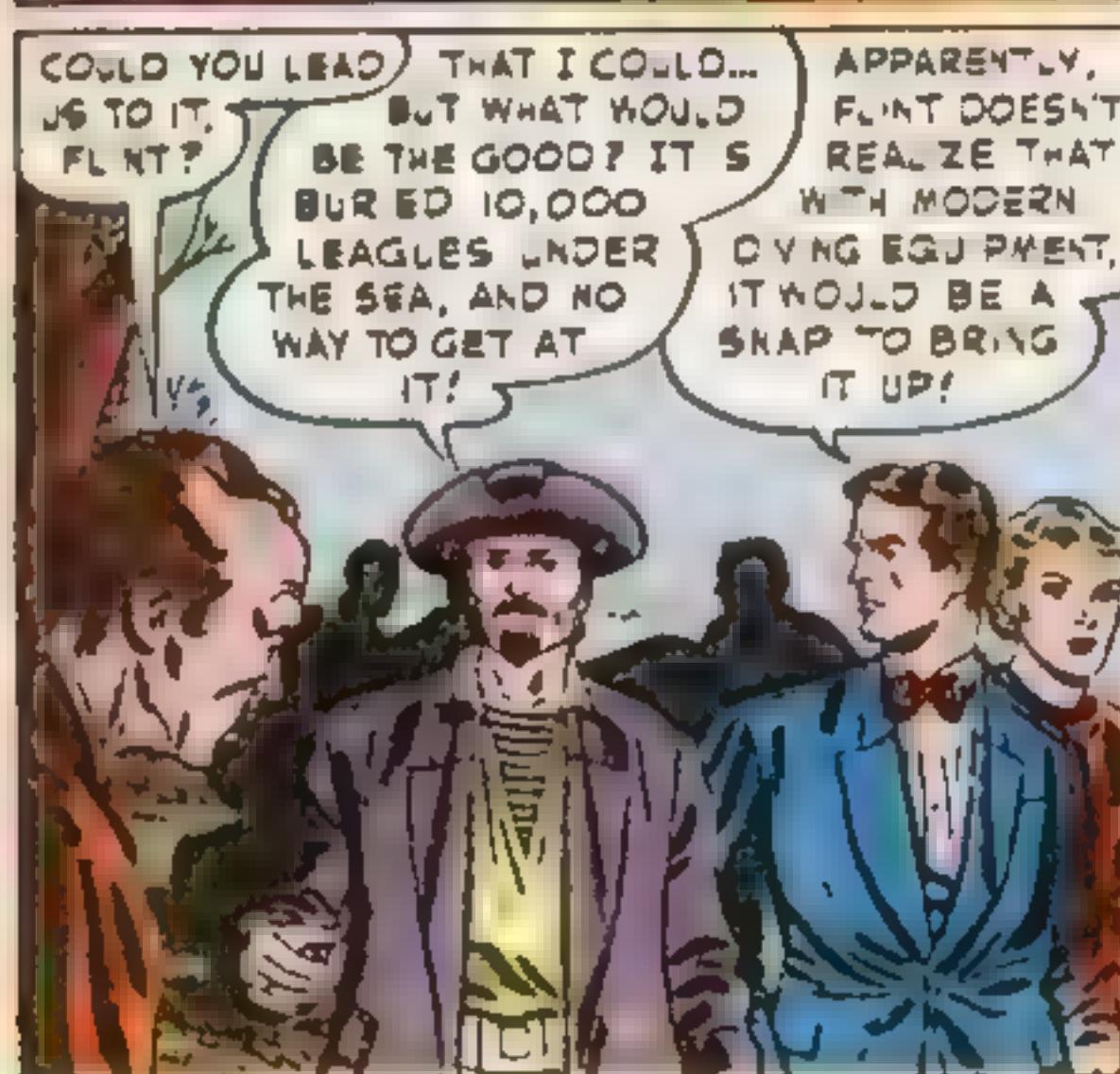
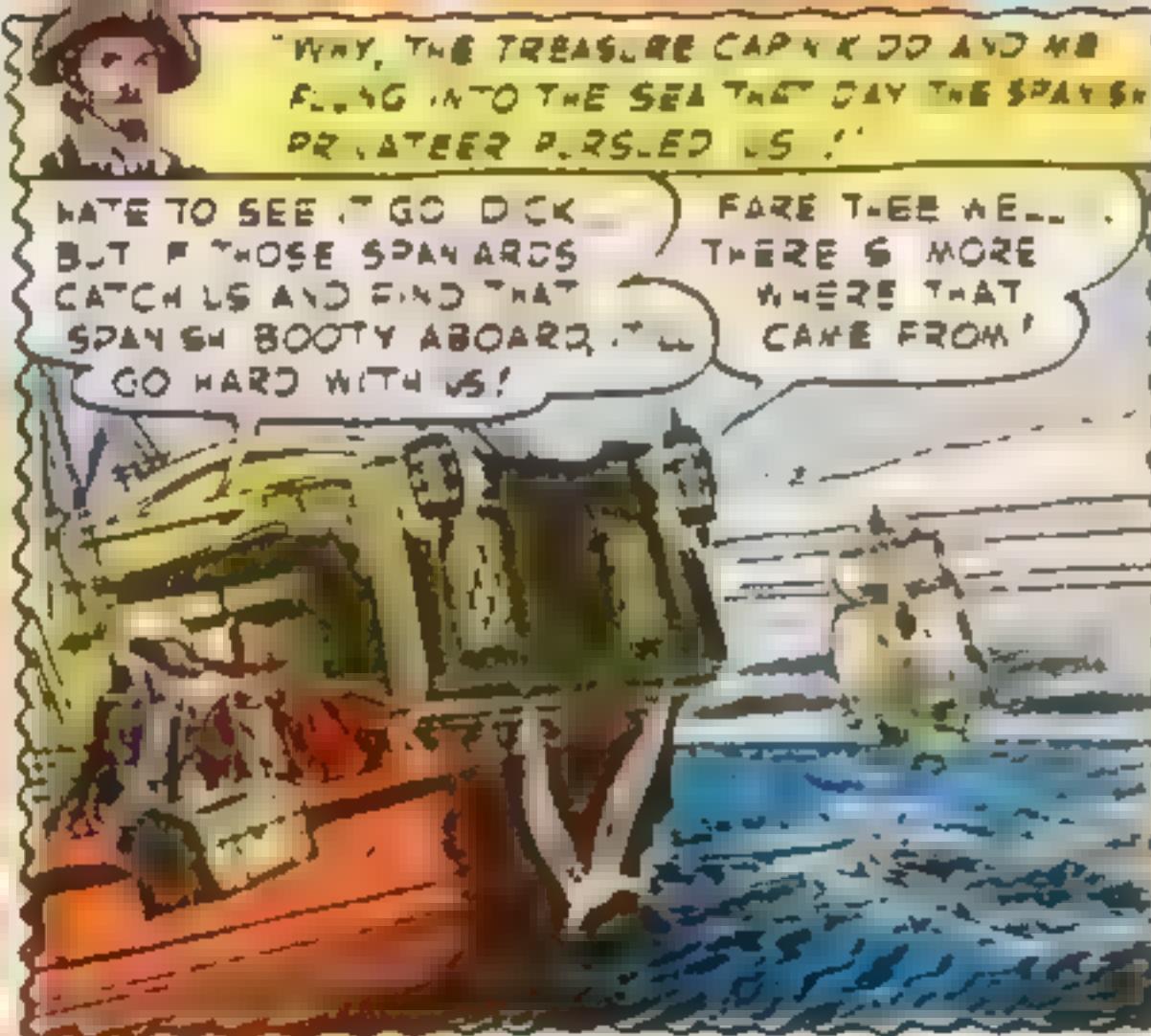
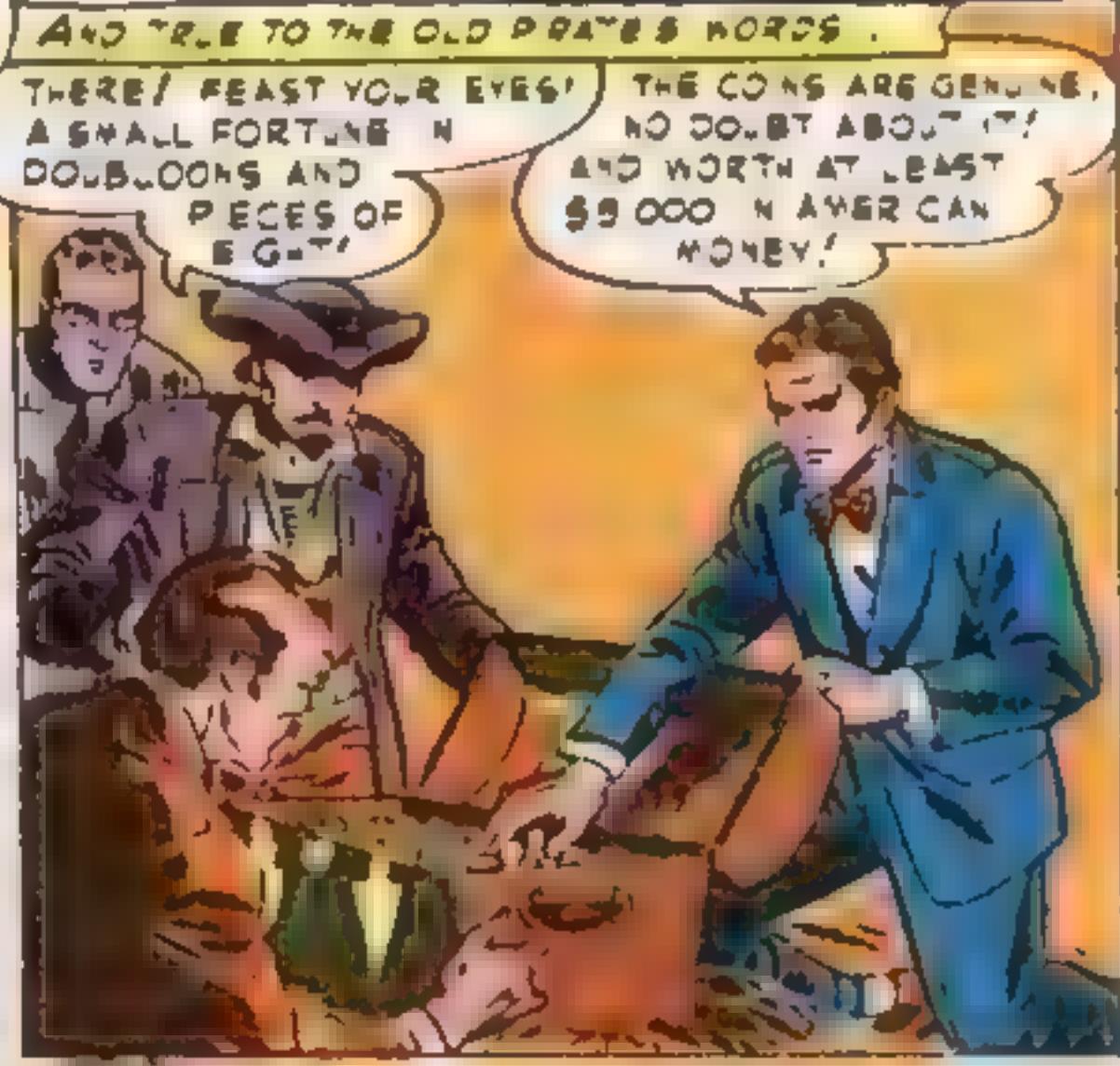
YES, THIS IS IT,  
MATES... AT THE  
FOOT OF THIS  
TREE, WHICH  
WAS ONLY A  
SAPLING IN  
MY DAY!

YES THIS TREE  
EASILY GOES BACK  
AT LEAST 300  
YEARS!

DIG  
AWAY,  
MEN!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



# DETECTIVE COMICS

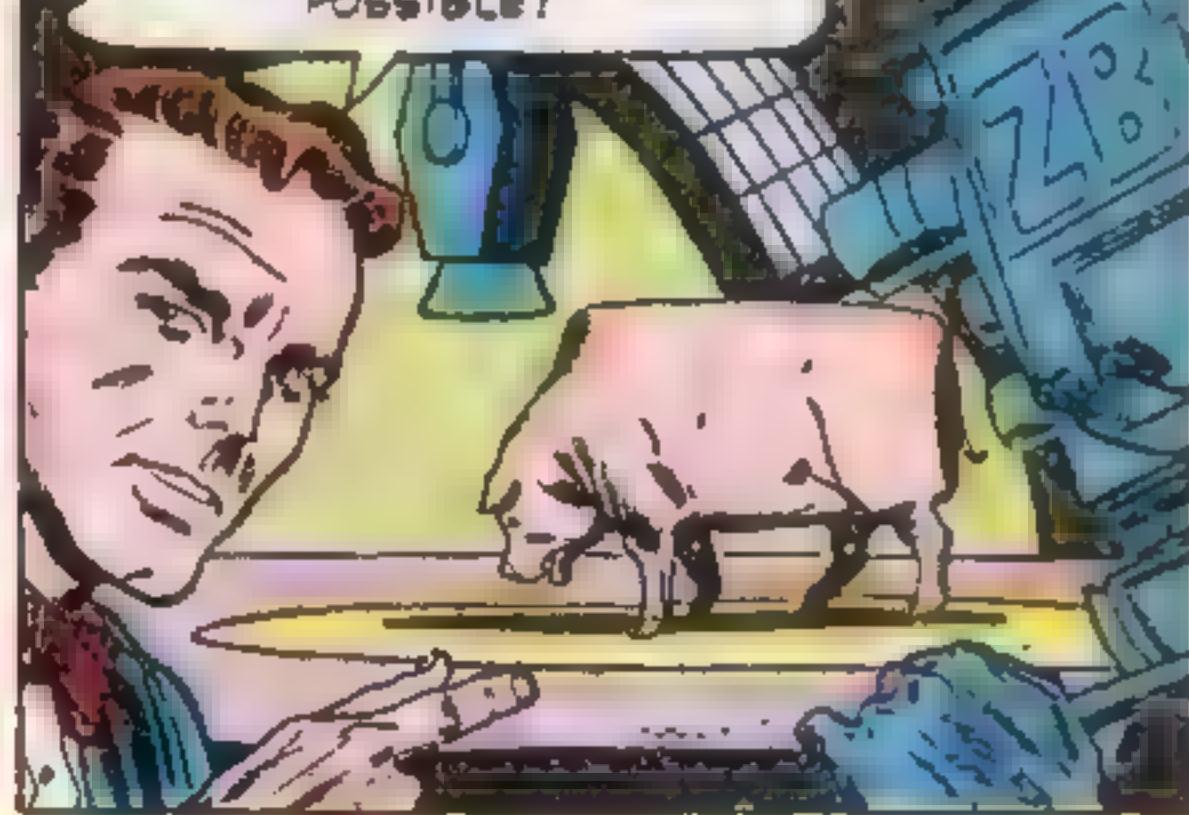
THE NEXT DAY, WHEN THE FINAL DECISION IS PUT BEFORE THE STUDIO MANAGER...

I JUST DON'T LIKE TO SEE MY FANS RISKING THEIR GOOD MONEY ON TREASURE HUNTS, THAT'S ALL!

DON'T BE SILLY, IN THREE MINUTES, MR. RAYMOND!

SHORTLY, AS ROY'S SHOW GETS UNDER WAY

HERE'S AN INTERESTING ODDITY. A SQUARE PIG! THEY ARE RAISED BY THE NATIVES OF TARAPACA, CHILE, WHO PLACE THEM IN BOXES AND THEN OVERSTUFF THEM, IN ORDER TO MAKE THE HOGS AS FAT AS POSSIBLE!



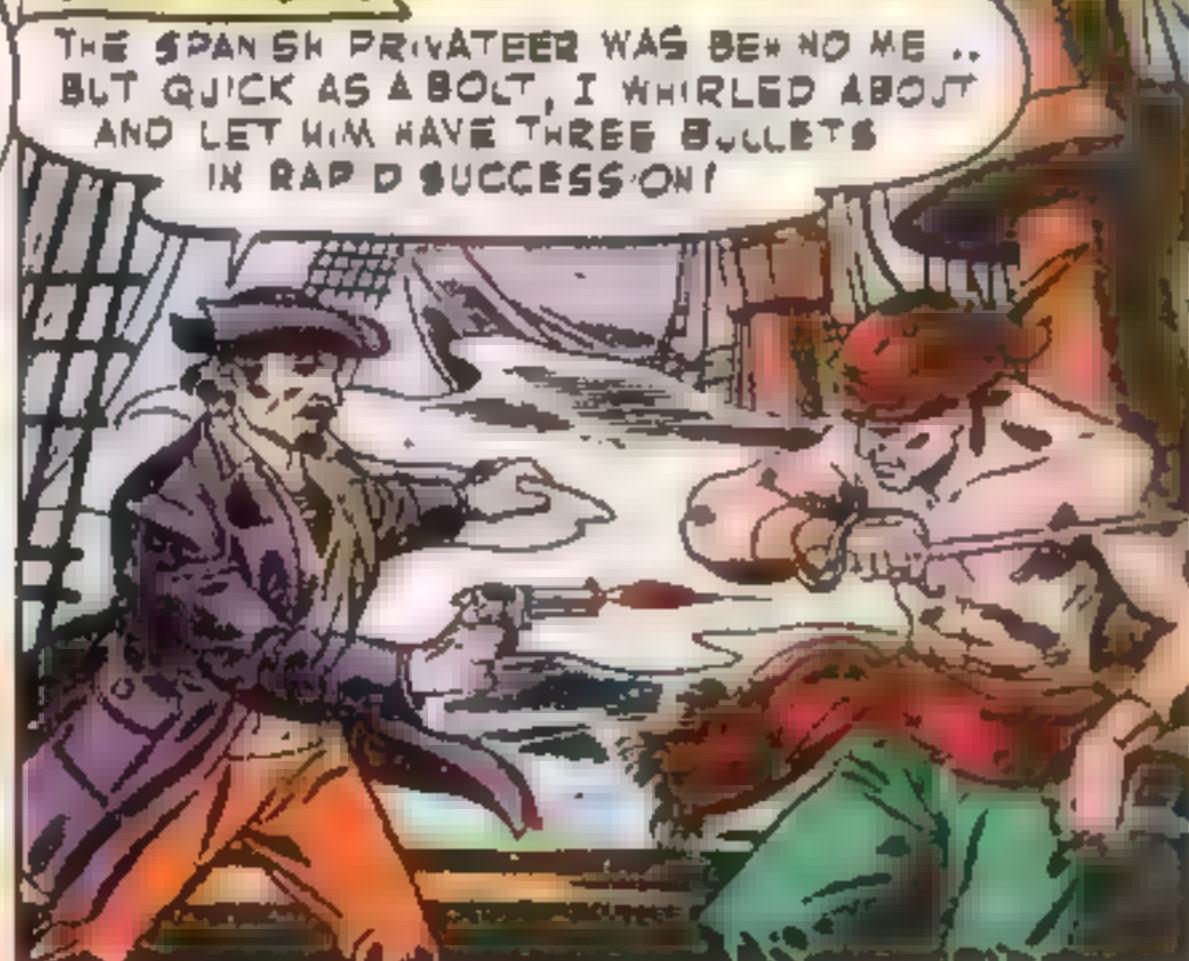
AT LENGTH, AS THE PROGRAM REACHES ITS STUNNING CLIMAX...

AND NOW, I AM PLEASED TO PRESENT A MAN WHO IS "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE"... CAPTAIN DICK FLINT, WHO WILL RE-ENACT ONE OF HIS MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES FROM THE PAST!

ROY COULDN'T FIND A GENUINE PISTOL THAT WOULD ACTUALLY SHOOT... SO, FOR THE SCENE, HE PAINTED UP AN ORDINARY REVOLVER! CLEVER, HUH?

SOON, FLINT THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE ROLE LIKE A BORN ACTOR...

THE SPANISH PRIVATEER WAS BEING NO ME... BUT QUICK AS A BOLT, I WHIRLED ABOUT AND LET HIM HAVE THREE BULLETS IN RAPID SUCCESSION!



FINALLY, FLINT STEPS FORWARD TO DELIVER HIS BREATHTAKING ANNOUNCEMENT, AND...

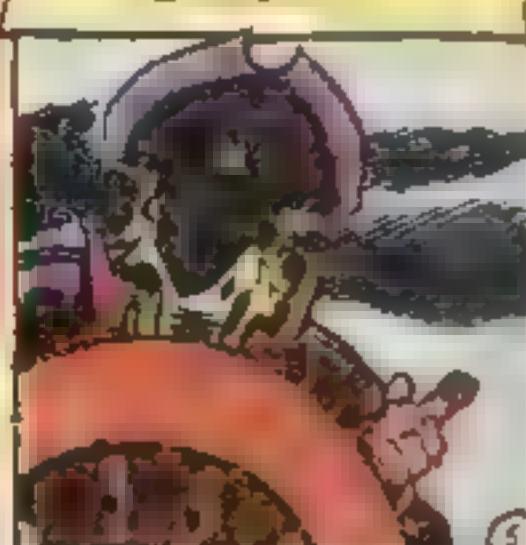
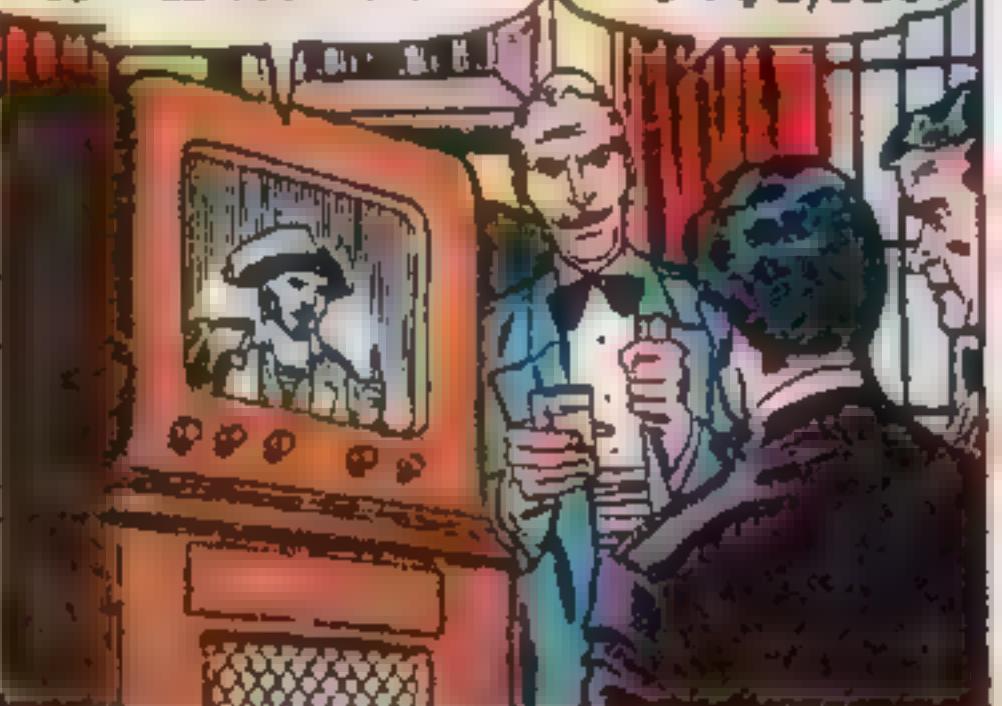
I'VE ALREADY DUG UP ONE FORTUNE... SO IF YOU FOLKS OUT THERE WANT TO JOIN UP AND SHARE IN THE NEXT TREASURE HUNT, I'LL TELL YOU HOW...!

IF RAYMOND'S BEHIND THIS, IT MUST BE AUTHENTIC! I'LL TAKE A FLYER FOR \$5,000!

JUST SEND YOUR MONEY TO THIS STATION, CARE OF MR. RAYMOND!

THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE TO GET ENOUGH CASH TO BUILD THAT NEW DORM TORY! I'M FOR SENDING \$10,000 TO MR. RAYMOND AT ONCE!

FOLLOWING A FLOOD OF CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS FROM COAST TO COAST, A COMPLETE DIVING GEAR AND CREW ARE SOON ASSEMBLED AND READY TO EMBARK ON THE SECOND TREASURE HUNT, WITH CAPTAIN DICK FLINT AT THE HELM...



# DETECTIVE COMICS



AFTER THREE HOURS ON THE HIGH SEAS, THE CRUCIAL  
MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVES...  
ACCORDIN' TO MY CALCULATIONS, THIS IS IT. RIGHT  
HERE!

AHOO! DROP ANCHOR,  
AND READY THE  
DYING GEAR!



BUT EXACTLY 16 MINUTES LATER, AN ELECTRIFYING  
MESSAGE FROM THE OCEAN BED IS HEARD...

VERY LARGE CHEST  
DOWN HERE!  
LOWER THE  
ROPE!

WE... WE ACTUALLY  
FOUND IT!  
NATURALLY!

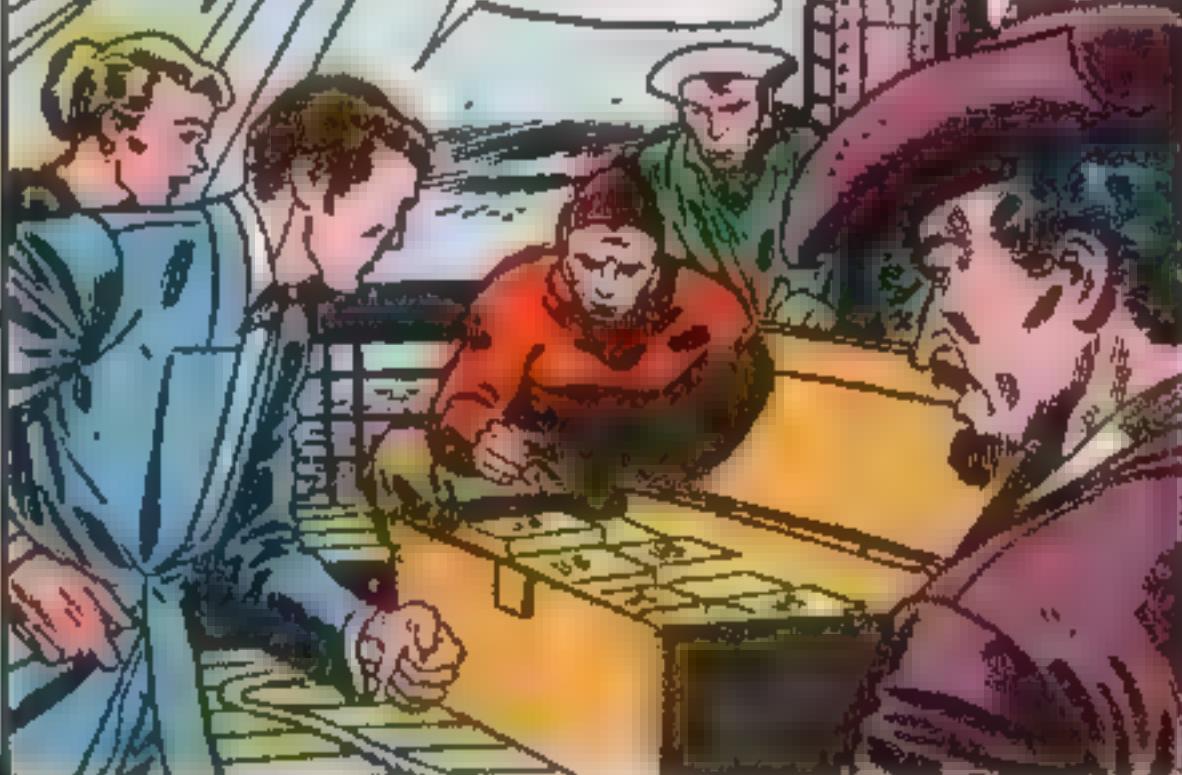


AT LENGTH...

LOOK, ROY... BARS  
OF SOLID GOLD!  
BUT I THOUGHT...

YES, YOU WERE THINKING  
OF DOUBLOONS AND PIECES  
OF EIGHT... NOT MODERN  
GOLD BILLION, STAMPED  
WITH UNITED STATES  
GOVERNMENT SERIAL  
NUMBERS!

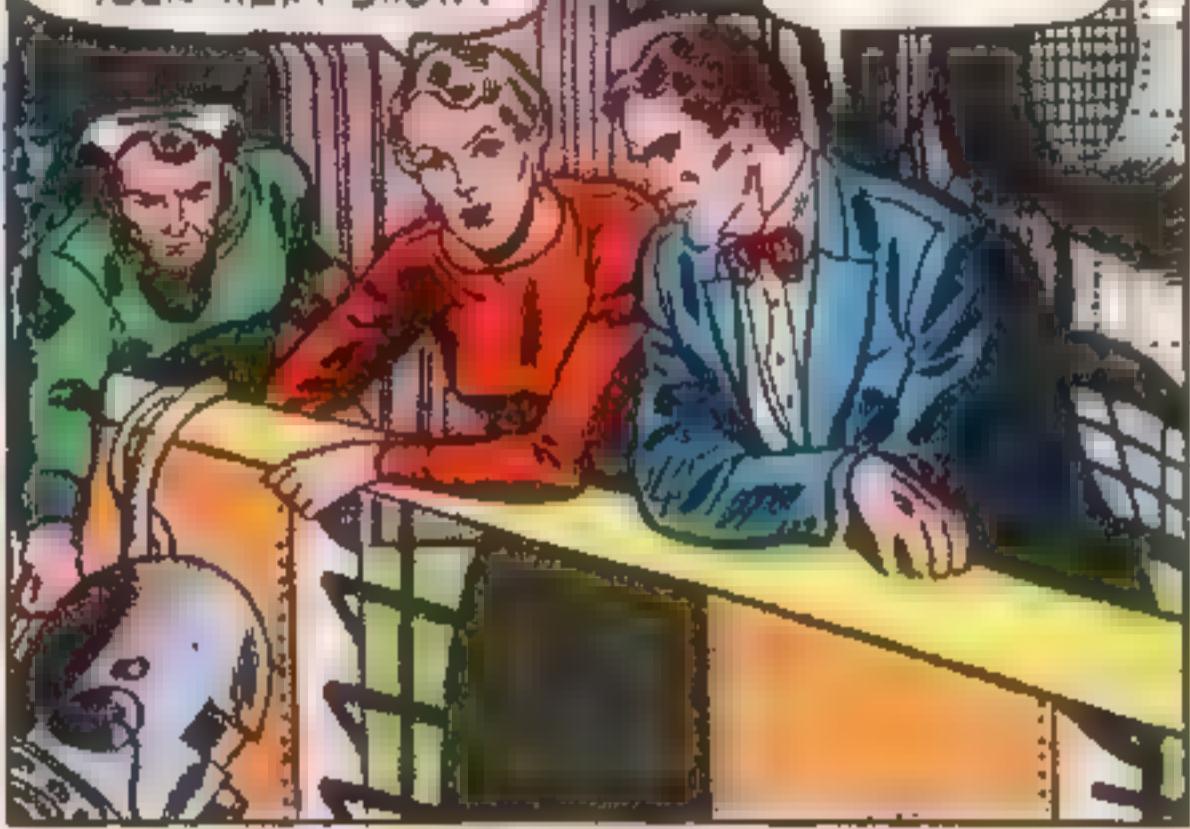
YOU'RE  
SO  
RIGHT,  
RAYMOND!



AND SOON...

ROY, I'M SCARED!  
SUPPOSE THE DIVER  
DOESN'T FIND A CHEST DOWN  
THERE? WHAT'LL YOU SAY ON  
YOUR NEXT SHOW?

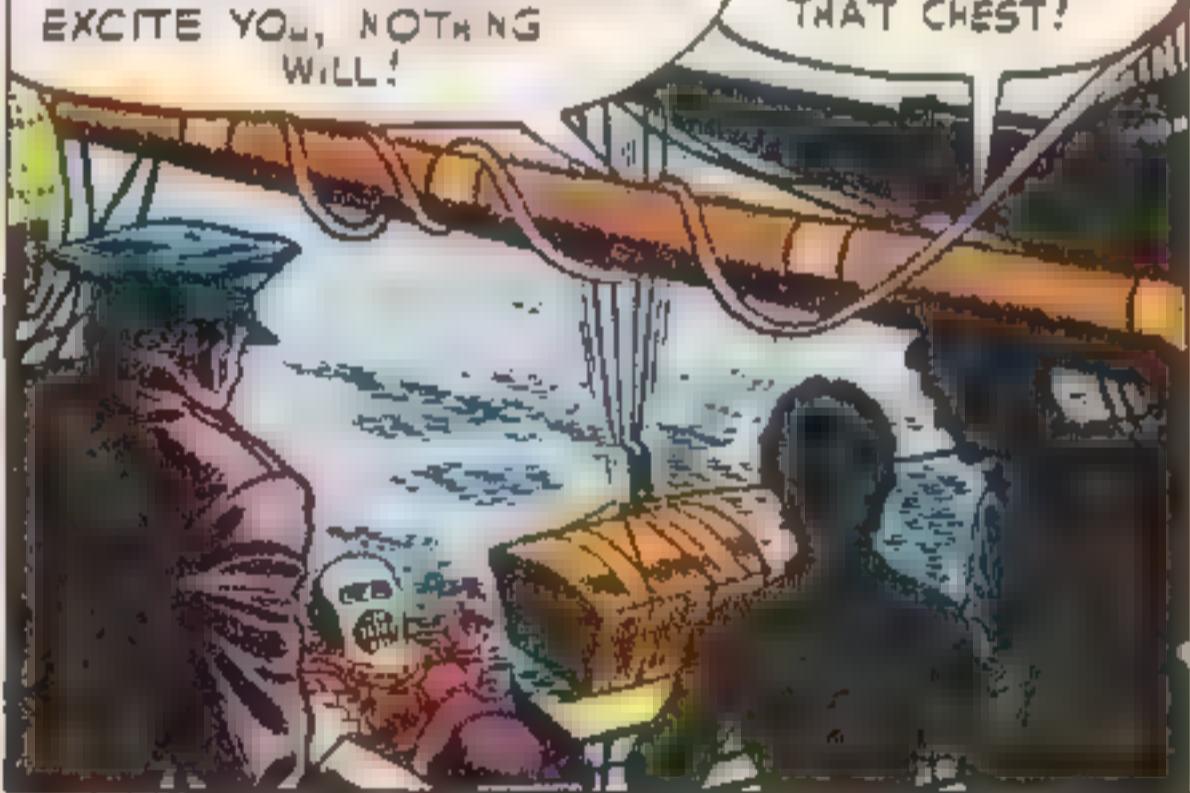
AFTER THE WAY I STUCK  
MY NECK OUT... IF HE  
COMES UP WITHOUT A  
CHEST, THERE  
WON'T BE A NEXT  
SHOW!



AND AS THE TENSE MINUTES TICK BY, SUDDENLY THE  
SEA PARTS, AND...

ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF A 300-  
YEAR-OLD PIRATE AND A  
LONG-LOST TREASURE DON'T  
EXCITE YOU, NOTHING  
WILL!

I'LL GET EXCITED  
AFTER THEY PRY  
THE LID OFF  
THAT CHEST!



YOU ADMIT IT, DO YOU?  
AND DO YOU ALSO  
ADMIT YOU'RE  
A PHONEY?

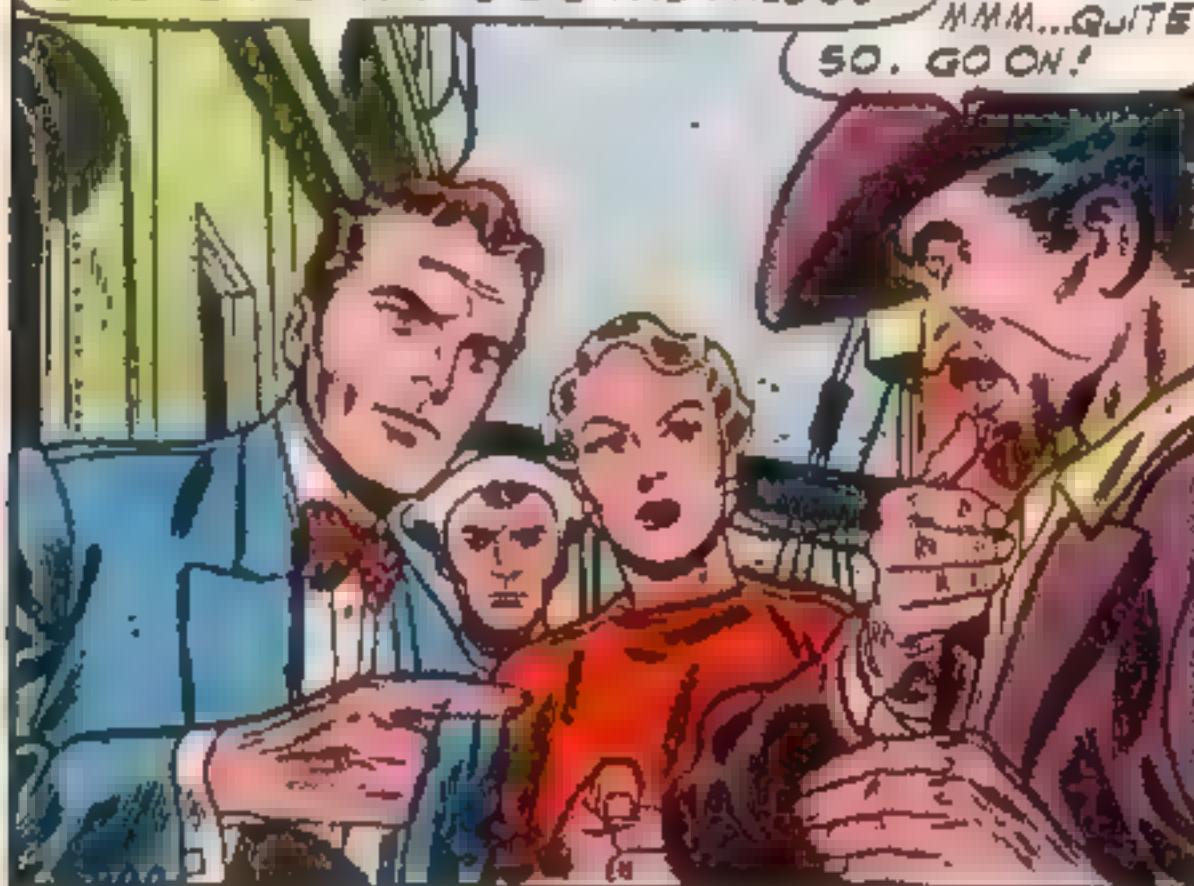
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING,  
IT HAPPENS THAT I'M NO  
OLDER THAN YOU ARE!  
HOW DID YOU GUESS?



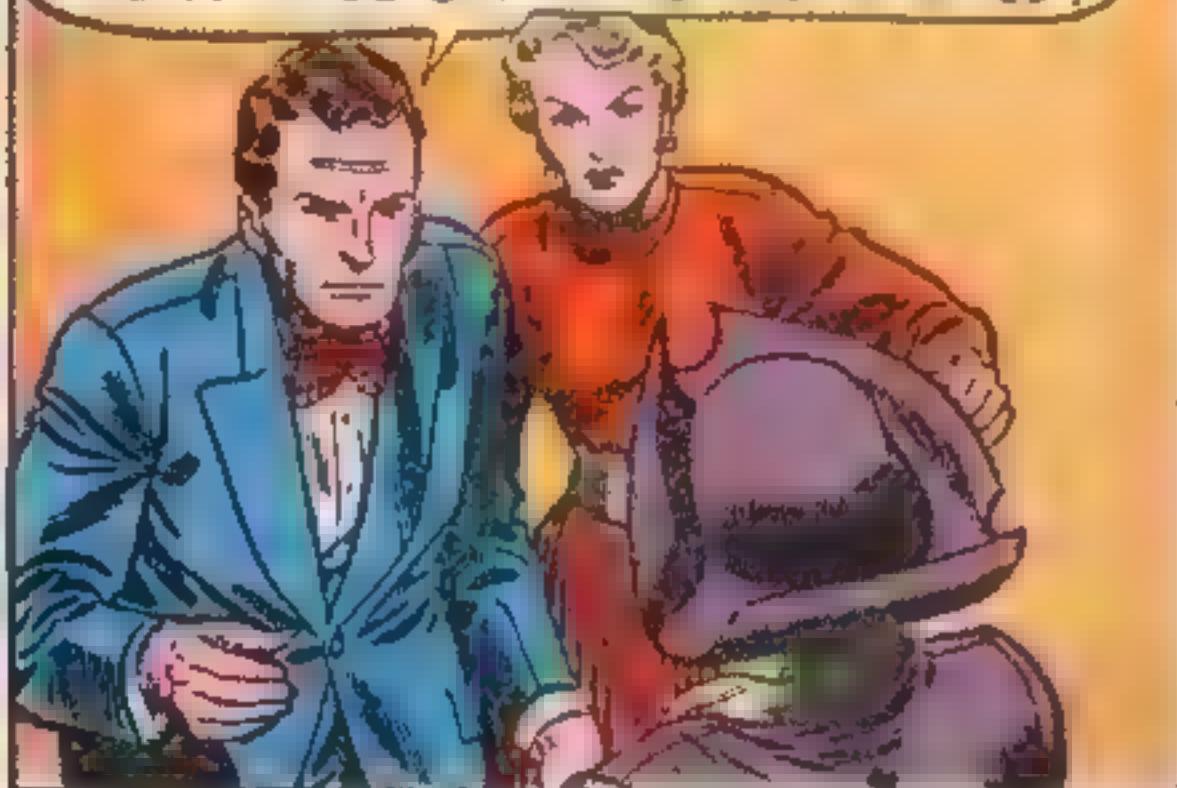
# DETECTIVE COMICS



WHEN I FIRST SAW THAT NEWS PHOTO OF YOU IN THE ICEBERG, WITH A FULL HEAD OF HEALTHY HAIR! IN A DEEP-FROZEN STATE, THE GLANDS WOULD STOP FUNCTIONING, CAUSING THE HAIR TO DIE AND FALL OUT! MMM... QUITE SO. GO ON!



I INTEND TO! IN THAT SCENE AT THE STUDIO WHEN YOU DRAMATIZED YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH THE SPANISH PRIVATEER, YOU DESCRIBED HOW YOU FIRED THREE BULLETS IN SUCCESSION AT HIM! WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, HOW YOU EVER GOT HOLD OF A MODERN REPEATING REVOLVER BEFORE IT WAS EVEN INVENTED?



THAT WAS A BAD SLIP ON MY PART! CLEVER OF YOU TO CATCH IT, RAYMOND... I SEE NOW HOW YOU GOT YOUR REPUTATION!

THANKS, BUT PERHAPS YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO ANSWER A QUESTION FOR ME NOW! HOW COME YOU'RE SO WILLING TO ADMIT THE WHOLE BUSINESS WAS A HOAX?



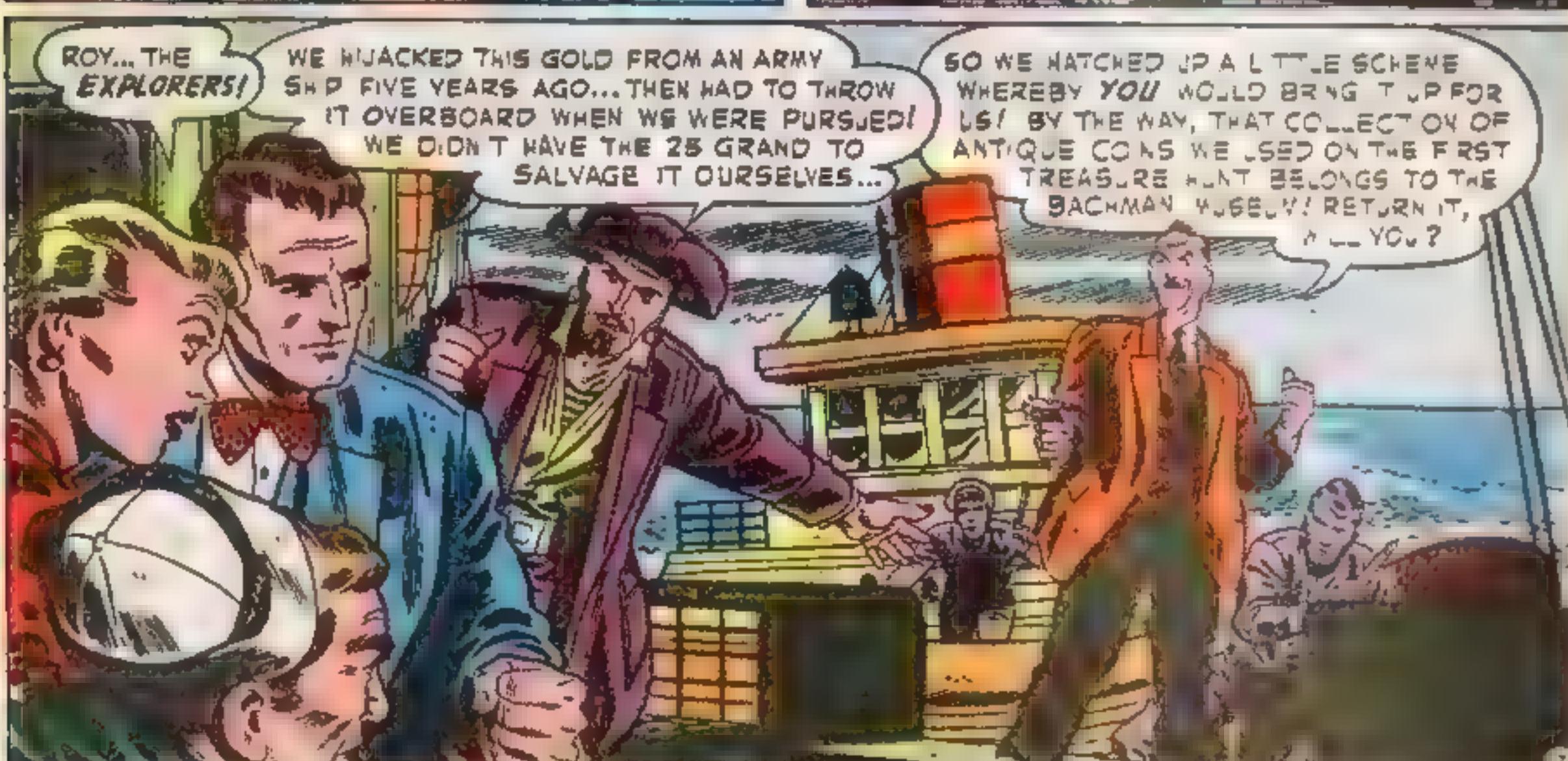
THE ANSWER TO THAT LIES RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



ROY... THE EXPLORERS!

WE HIJACKED THIS GOLD FROM AN ARMY SHIP FIVE YEARS AGO... THEN HAD TO THROW IT OVERBOARD WHEN WE WERE PURSUED! WE DIDN'T HAVE THE 25 GRAND TO SALVAGE IT OURSELVES...

SO WE HATCHED UP A LITTLE SCHEME WHEREBY YOU WOULD BRING IT UP FOR US! BY THE WAY, THAT COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE COINS WE USED ON THE FIRST TREASURE HUNT BELONGS TO THE BACHMAN MUSEUM! RETURN IT, WOULD YOU?

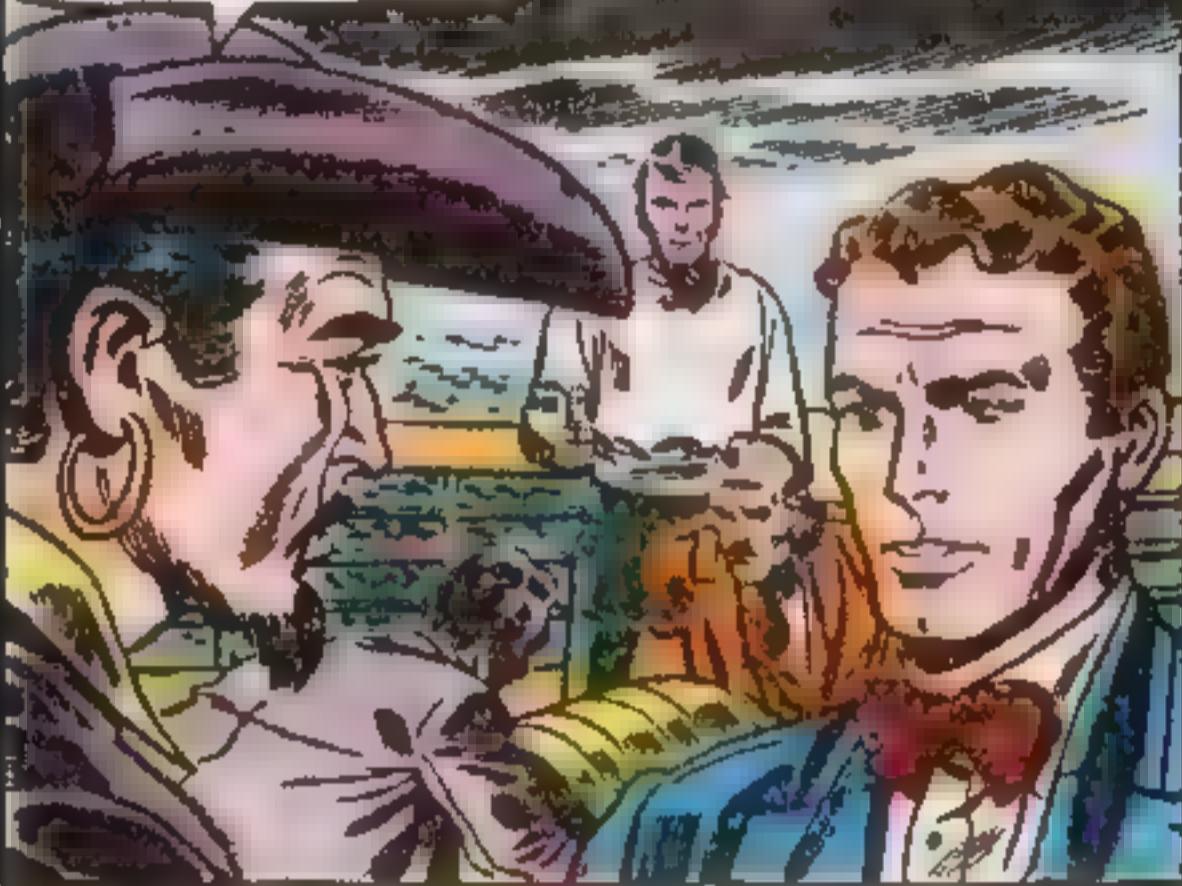




# DETECTIVE COMICS

ONE MORE QUESTION, RAYMOND! AFTER BEING SO CLEVER IN SUSPECTING ME, HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID AS TO FALL INTO OUR TRAP?

THE ANSWER TO THAT LIES BEHIND YOU!



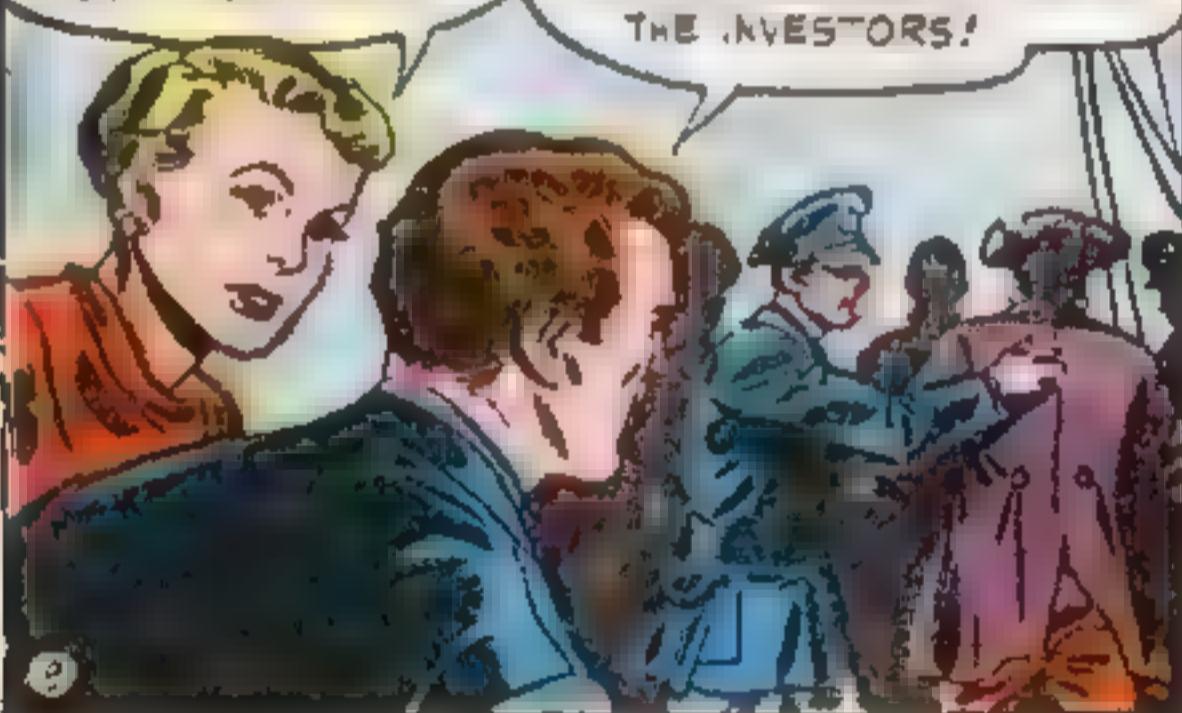
COPS!

YES, CAPTAIN FLINT. BY THE LIVING THUNDER, YOU'VE SHIVERED YOUR TIMBERS FOR THE LAST TIME!



YOU DID GET PRETTY EXCITED AT THAT, ROY... BUT...WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO INVESTED IN THE TREASURE HUNT ON YOUR ACCOUNT?

THEY'LL STILL GET PAID OFF, KAREN! YOU SEE, THIS GOLD, WHEN RETURNED, CARRIES A FAT REWARD THAT WILL BE DIVIDED UP PROPORTIONATELY AMONG THE INVESTORS!



BY THE WAY, ROY... HAVE YOU ANY IDEA AT ALL HOW THEY PLANTED THAT FAKE CAPTAIN FLINT IN THE ICEBERG IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I CAN IMAGINE... BY DRILLING A HOLE ON TOP OF THE BERG, AND HOISTING HIM DOWN! WELL, AT LEAST, FLINT WAS TRUTHFUL ABOUT ONE THING, KAREN... HE WAS AS SCURVY A PIRATE AS HE SAID HE WAS!



THE END

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"Sorry, none for you James, you flunked the Fingernail test."



"Keeps hair well groomed even if you have cow-licks!"

AMERICA'S FAVORITE



"YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DON'T FLUNK THE FINGER NAIL TEST. Don't let dry, unruly hair and lousy cow-licks spoil your appearance. Keep your hair neat and natural from morning till night with Wildroot Cream Oil. More men use it than any other hair tonic! Get a bottle today!

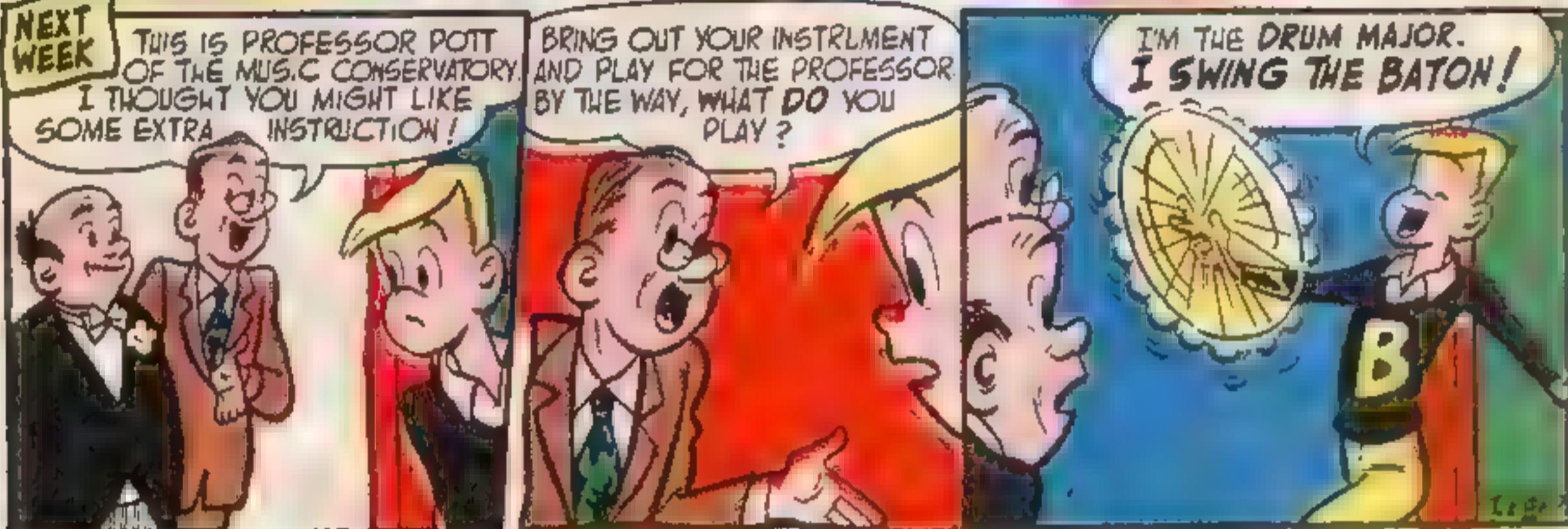
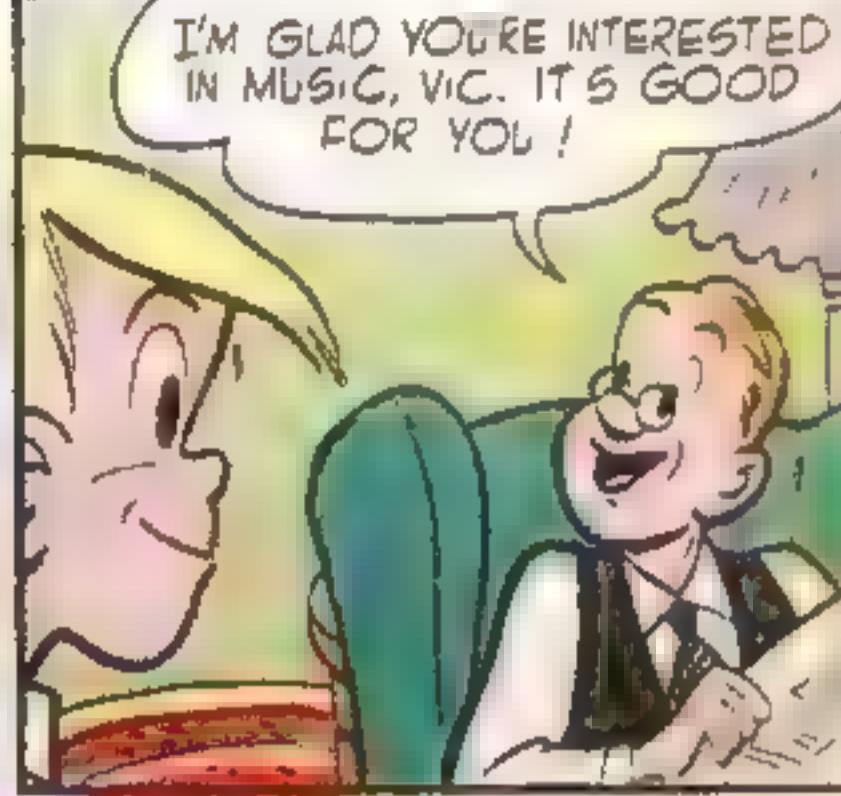


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# VARSITY VIC

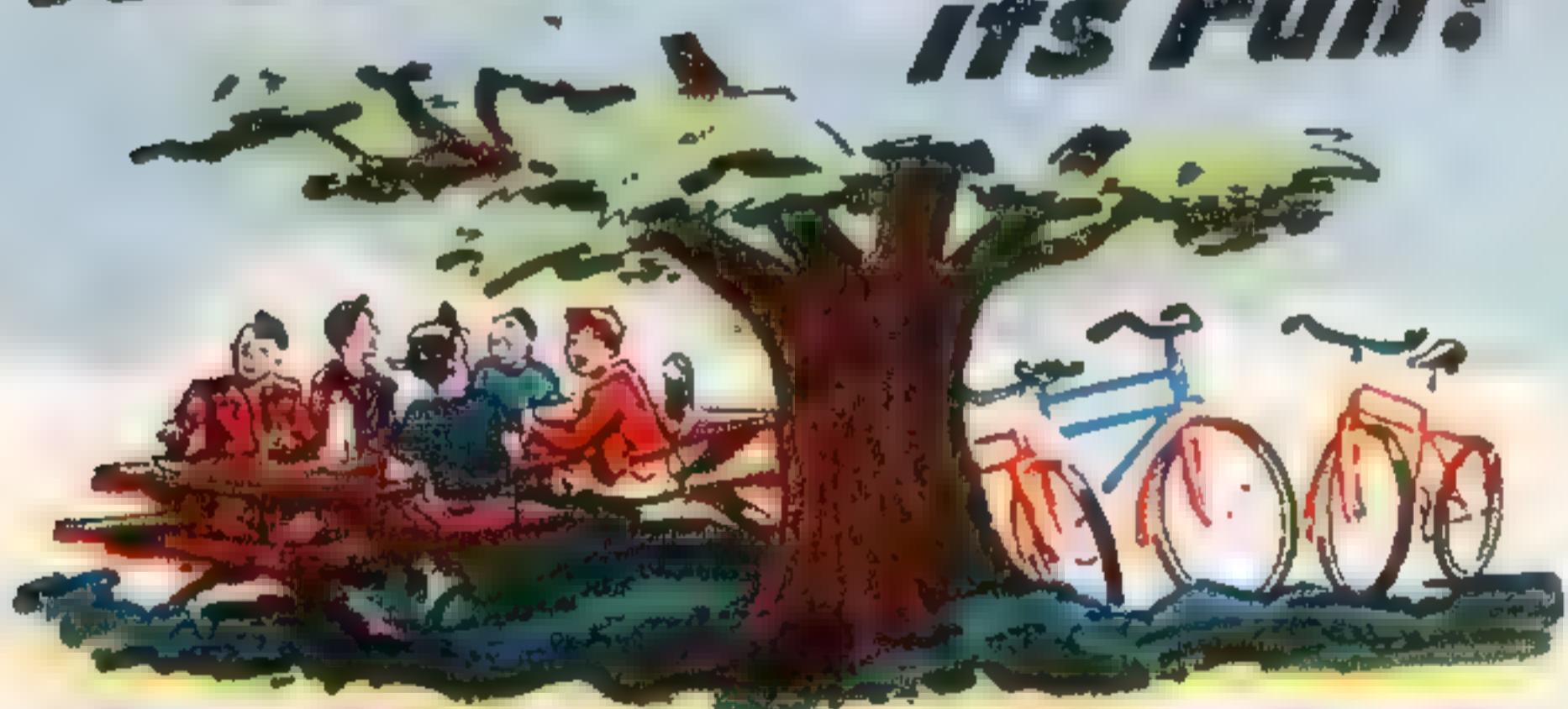
DAD, I'M IN THE SCHOOL BAND.  
IT'S SWELL. THEY TEACH YOU ANY  
INSTRUMENT YOU WANT TO LEARN.

HEARTY  
BOLTHOLE



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### DOUBLE THE FUN - WITH A **BENDIX\*** COASTER BRAKE

**WHY?** Because it's built by the people who know most about braking—the same people who make the brakes for your family car. Ask Dad—he knows!

WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR BIKE SAY  
**"Bendix Coaster Brake"**  
Your dealer will do the rest.

\*U. S. P. T. P. W.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRAKE ARM!

- PEDALS EASIER
- COASTS FARTHER
- STOPS QUICKER
- LASTS LONGER





# DETECTIVE COMICS

# DR. JOHN MANN



**ONE  
MORNING,  
AS PAUL  
DEHNIS,  
WHO IS  
REALLY  
ROBOTMAN,  
PASSES  
A  
LOCAL  
BANK...**

HMM... THAT  
MAN WITH THE  
MONOCLE AND  
GOATEE... I'M  
SURE I'VE  
SEEN HIS  
FACE BEFORE'

ONLY ONE WAY TO LEARN WHERE AND WHEN... BY PRESSING THE STUD THAT CONTROLS THE MECHANICAL MEMORY BUILT INTO MY CHEST!





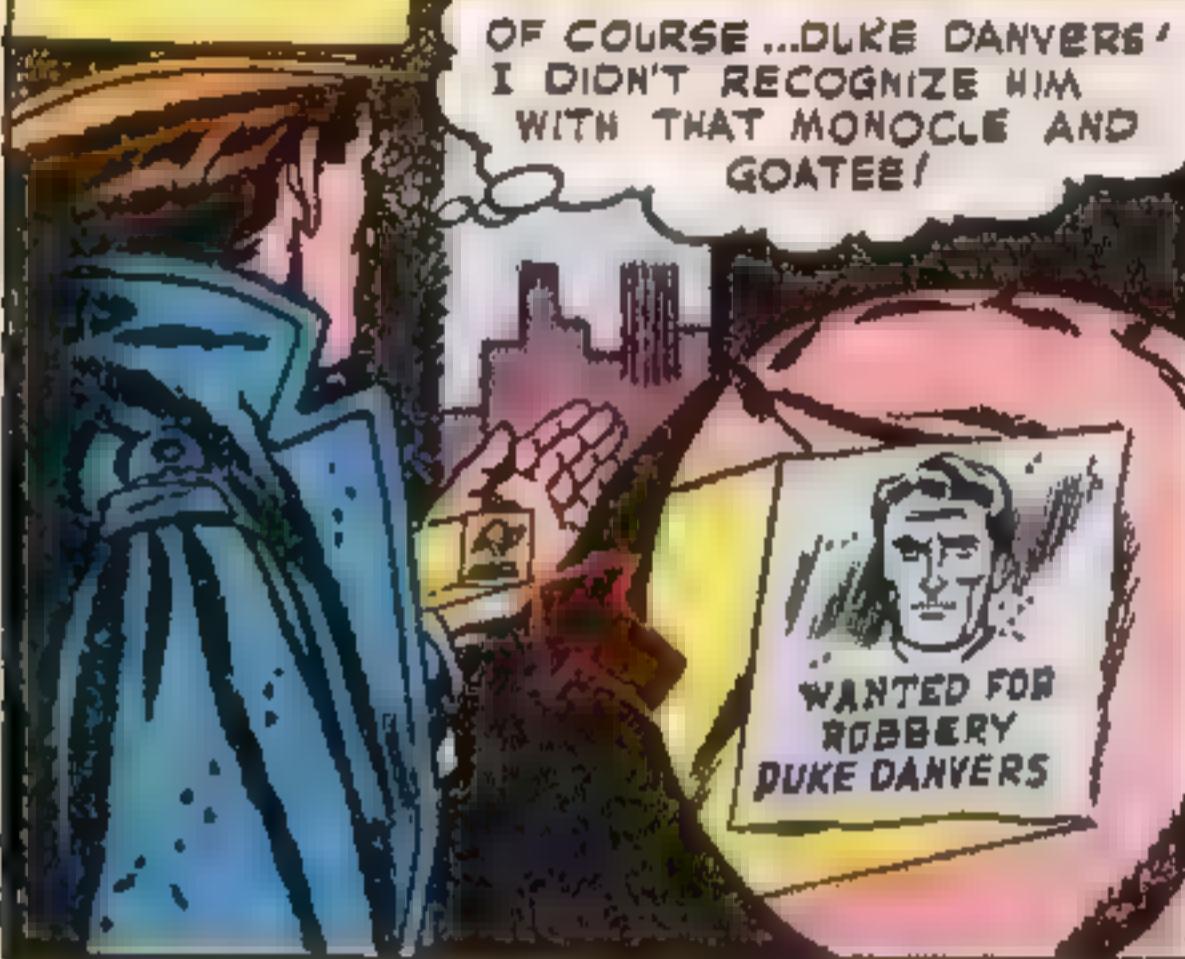
# DETECTIVE COMICS



A MINIATURE TUBE LIGHTS UP IN PAUL'S METAL CHEST.. A ROLL OF MICROFILM ROTATES IN HIS CHEST, AND...

OF COURSE...DUKE DANVERS! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM WITH THAT MONOCLE AND GOATEE!

ONE THING IS CERTAIN... HE DIDN'T GO INTO THAT BANK TO DEPOSIT MONEY... WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR ROBOTMAN TO STEP IN!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BANK...

THE DOORS ARE LOCKED TIGHT... NO ONE CAN GET IN NOW!

GET THAT MONEY UP!

SUDDENLY...

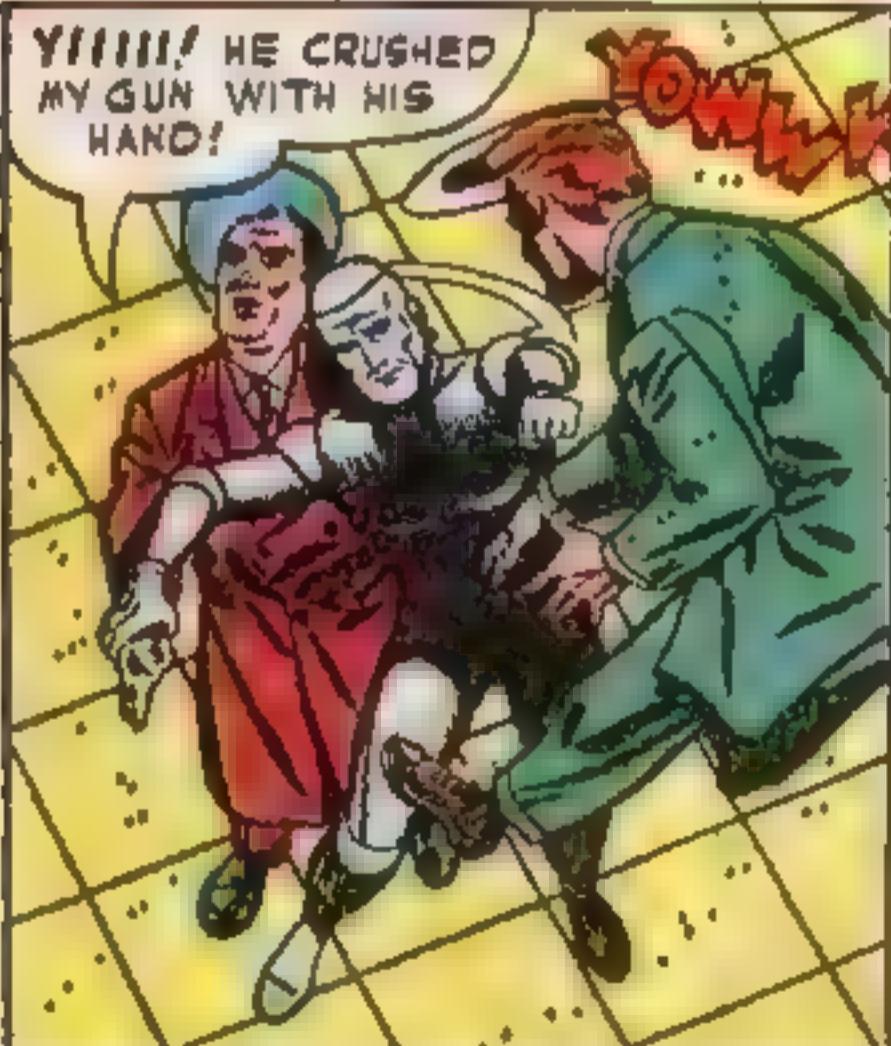
HUH? IT'S ROBOTMAN!

HE'S SO STRONG, HE JUST RIPPED THE DOORS OFF THEIR HINGES!



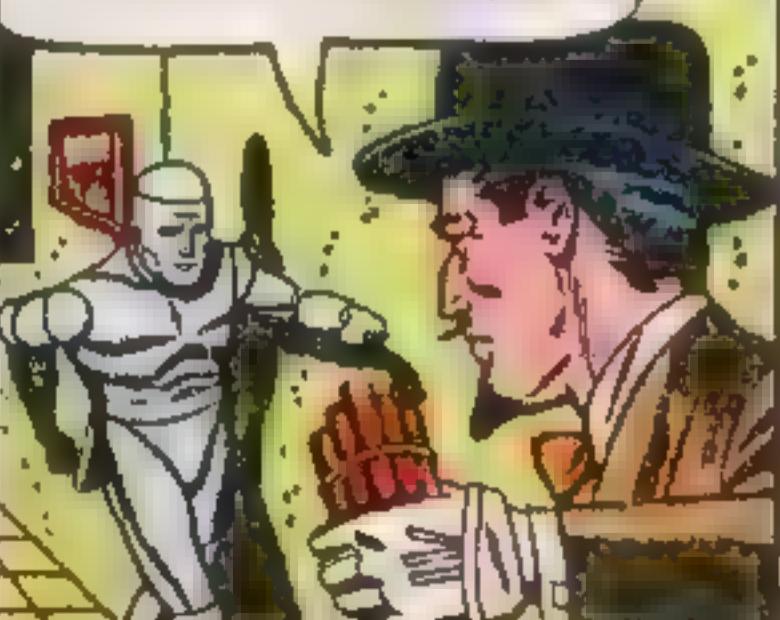
YAAA! HE CRUSHED MY GUN WITH HIS HAND!

YOWWW



BUT AS ROBOTMAN RACES TOWARD DUKE DANVERS...

NO USE HOLDING THIS DYNAMITE ANY MORE! WE CAN'T USE IT TO CRACK THE VAULT... NOT WITH YOU AROUND... BUT MAYBE IT'LL HAVE SOME EFFECT ON YOUR STEEL BODY!



AND BEFORE THE MAN OF METAL CAN DODGE THE DEADLY MISSILES...



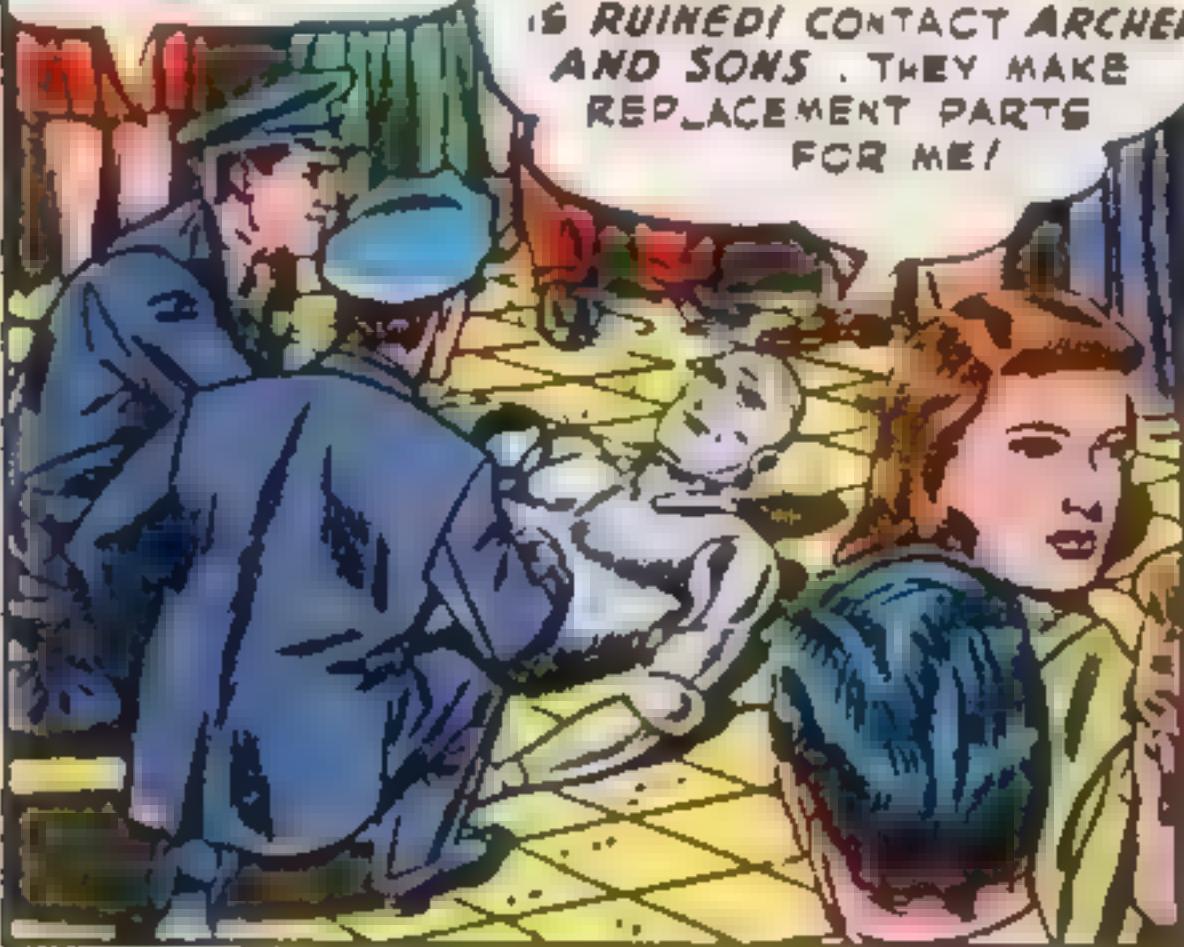
# DETECTIVE COMICS



M NUTES LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

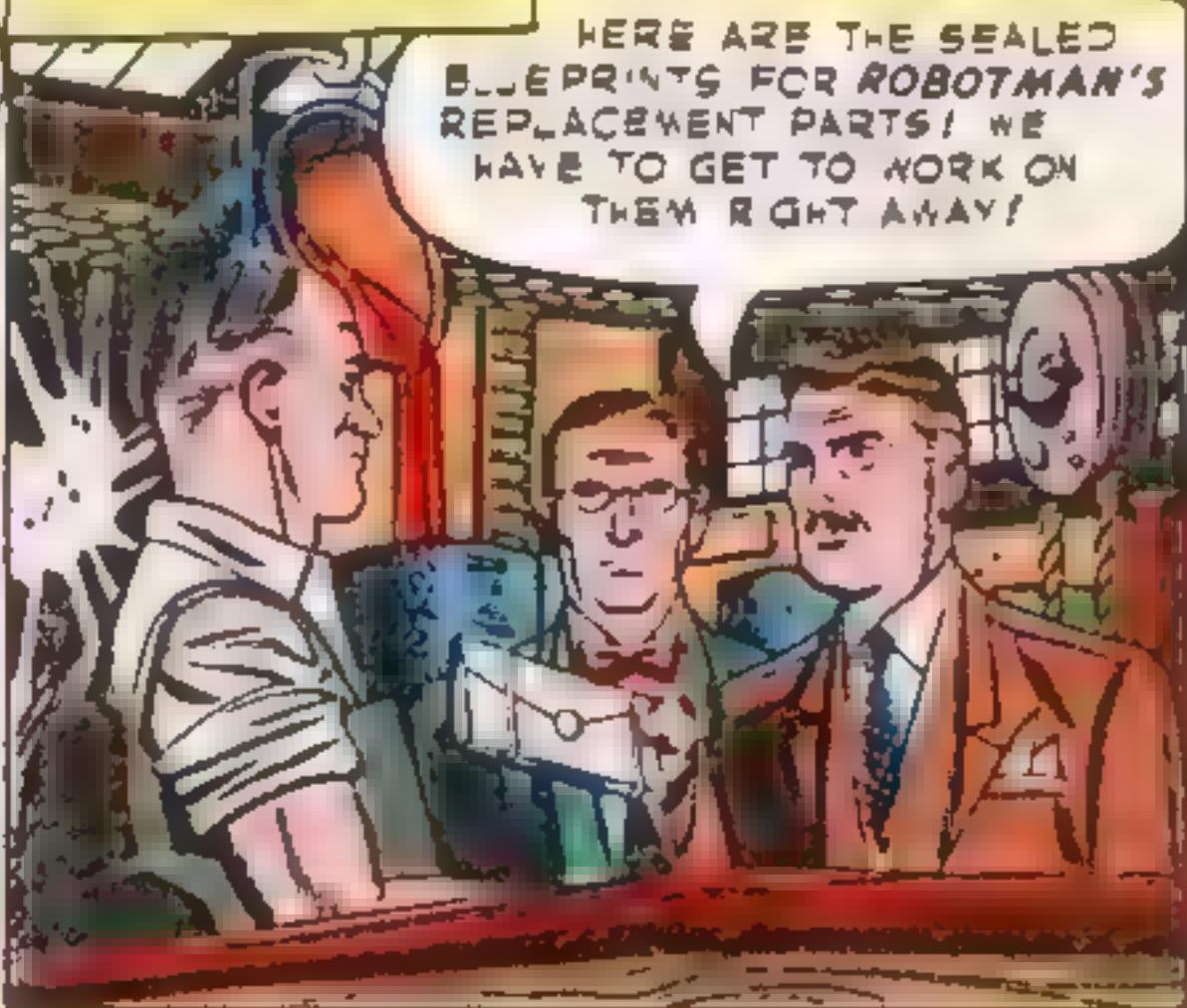
ROBOTMAN... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MY HUMAN BRAIN WASN'T HURT, BUT MY METAL BODY IS RUINED! CONTACT ARCHER AND SONS. THEY MAKE REPLACEMENT PARTS FOR ME!



NEXT DAY, IN THE FACTORY OF ARCHER AND SONS, METAL WORKERS...

HERE ARE THE SEALED BLUEPRINTS FOR ROBOTMAN'S REPLACEMENT PARTS! WE HAVE TO GET TO WORK ON THEM RIGHT AWAY!



ROBOTMAN, EH? HE SENT ME UP THE RIVER! WHAT A CHANCE FOR REVENGE! YEAH... AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT WITHOUT ANYONE SUSPECTING!



T-S CHEMICAL I'M POISONING IT WILL WEAKEN THE METAL THAT GOES INTO HIS BODY... MAKE IT BRITTLE AS A PANE OF GLASS! NEXT TIME HE TRIES HIS STRONGARM STUFF, WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S GOING TO GET!



NEXT DAY...

HEY... IT'S GOON PAR'S! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE GOON? I THOUGHT YOU WENT STRAIGHT!

I DID... UNTIL I STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING TOO BIG TO PASS UP! YOU SEE... I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF ROBOTMAN!



GET RID OF ROBOTMAN?!

YOU'RE CRAZY! HE ALMOST MADE ME INCINERATE OUT OF LS THE OTHER DAY AT THE BANK!

ANCIENT H STORY, BOYS' ROBOTMAN'S NOT WHAT HE'S GONNA BE CRACKED UP TO BE... HA, HA! LISTEN...

AT THAT MOMENT, IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY, ROBOTMAN COMPLETES THE FASTENINGS OF HIS NEW BODY PARTS...

THERE! JUST AS GOOD AS NEW!



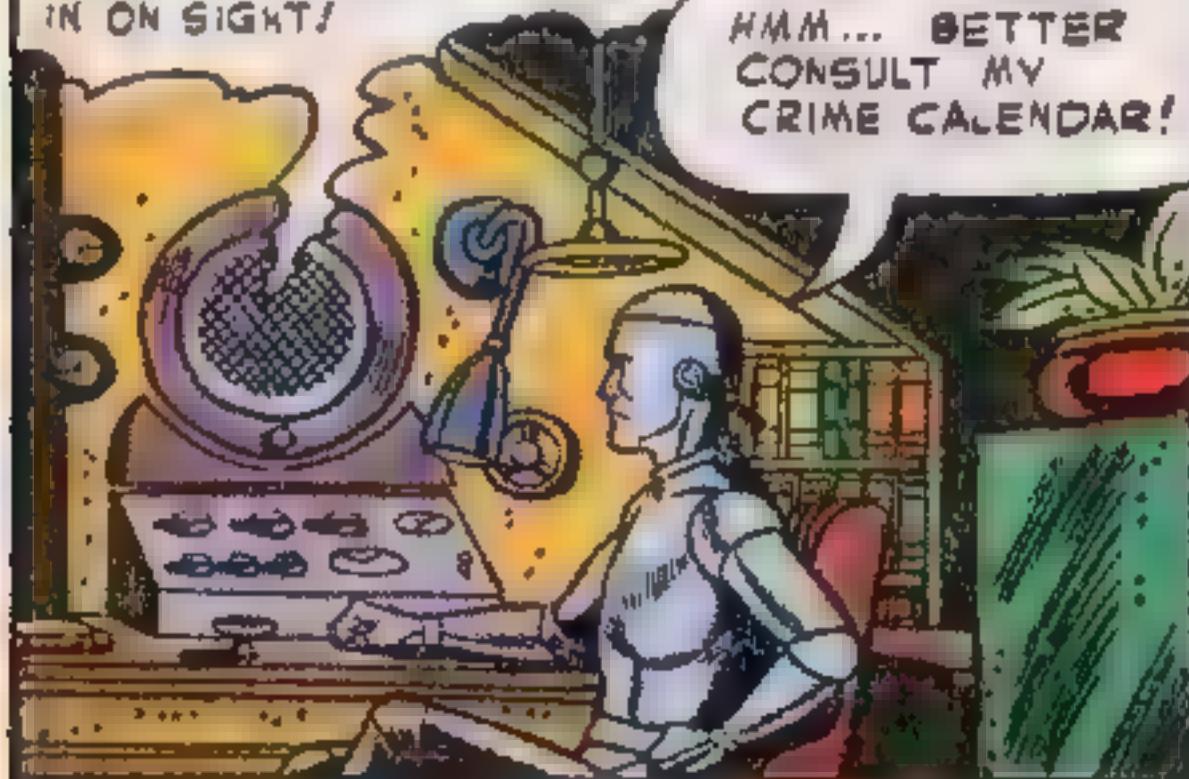
# DETECTIVE COMICS



HIS STEEL FRAME ONCE AGAIN IN WORKING ORDER,  
THE METAL MARVEL RESUMES HIS NEVER-ENDING  
FIGHT AGAINST CRIME..

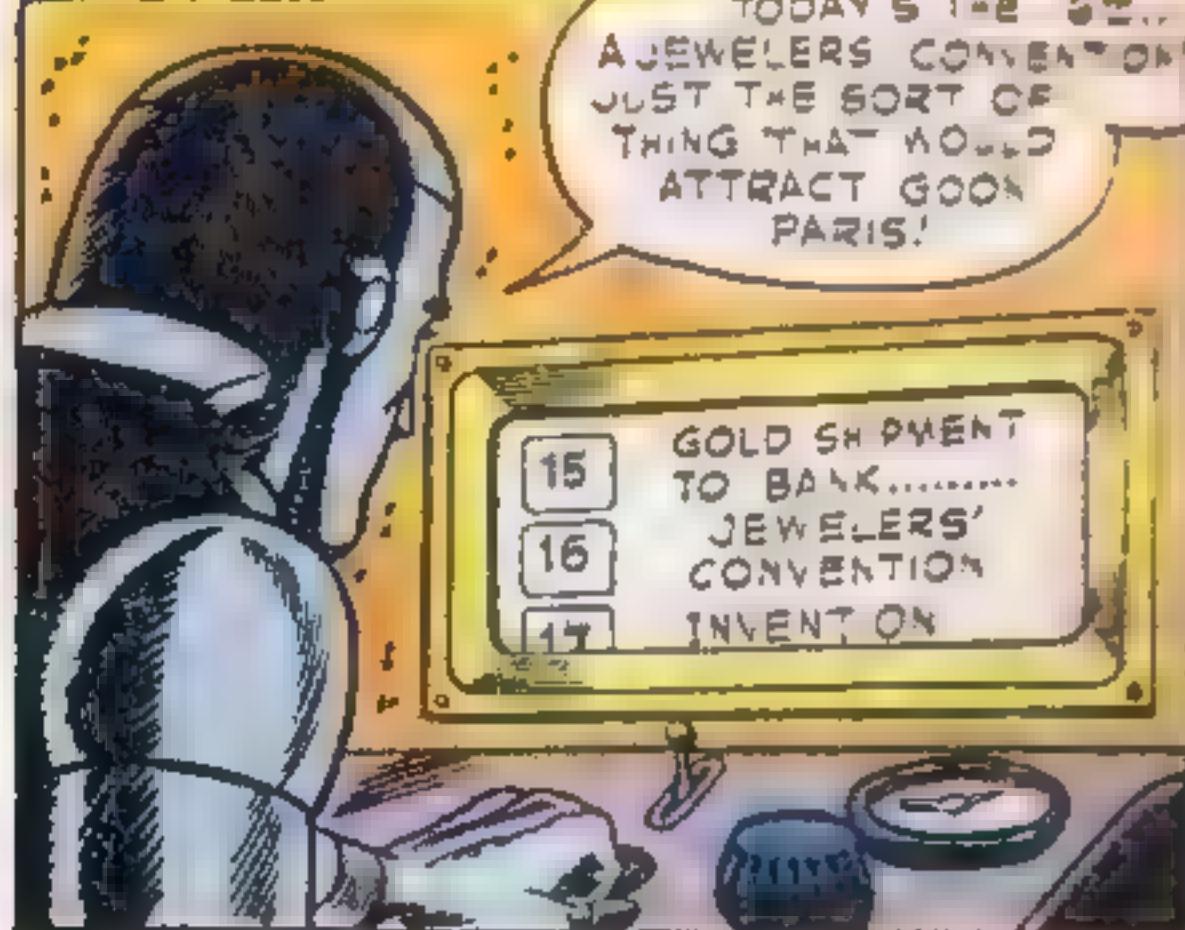
ATTENTION ALL CARS!  
GOON PARIS HAS BROKEN  
PAROLE! BRING HIM  
IN ON SIGHTS!

GOON PARIS? I SENT  
HIM TO THE BIG  
HOUSE FOR A  
JEWEL ROBBERY!  
HMM... BETTER  
CONSULT MY  
CRIME CALENDAR!



A METAL FINGER TOUCHES A HALL STLD, AND  
A CRIME CALENDAR... ROBOTMAN'S OWN  
INVENTION... FLASHES ON...

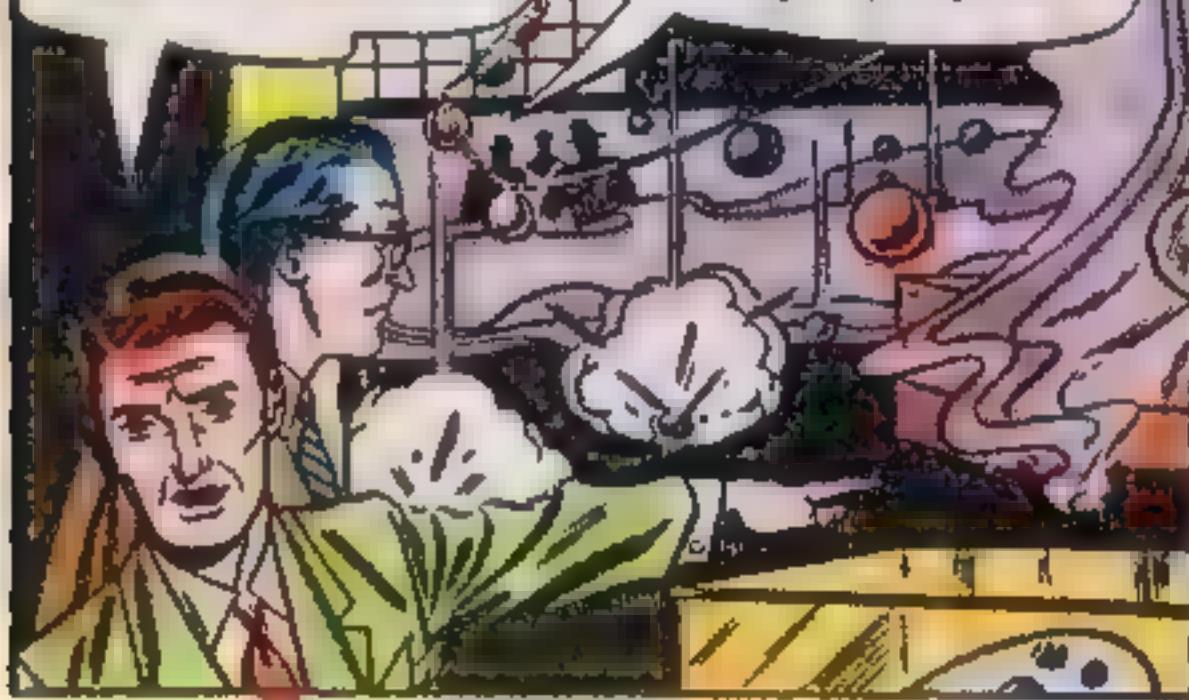
TODAY'S THE 6<sup>TH</sup>..  
AJEWELERS CONVENTION  
JUST THE SORT OF  
THING THAT WOULD  
ATTRACT GOON  
PARIS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS SOME OF THE WORLD'S  
RAREST EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS GLITTER  
UNDER SOFT LIGHTS...

THE ORNAMENTS WE  
RIGGED ON THE  
ELECTRIC WIRES...  
THEY'RE FALLING!

SOMEBODY CUT THE  
WIRES! AND THERE'S  
GAS COMING FROM  
THE BROKEN  
ORNAMENTS!



MOMENTS LATER...

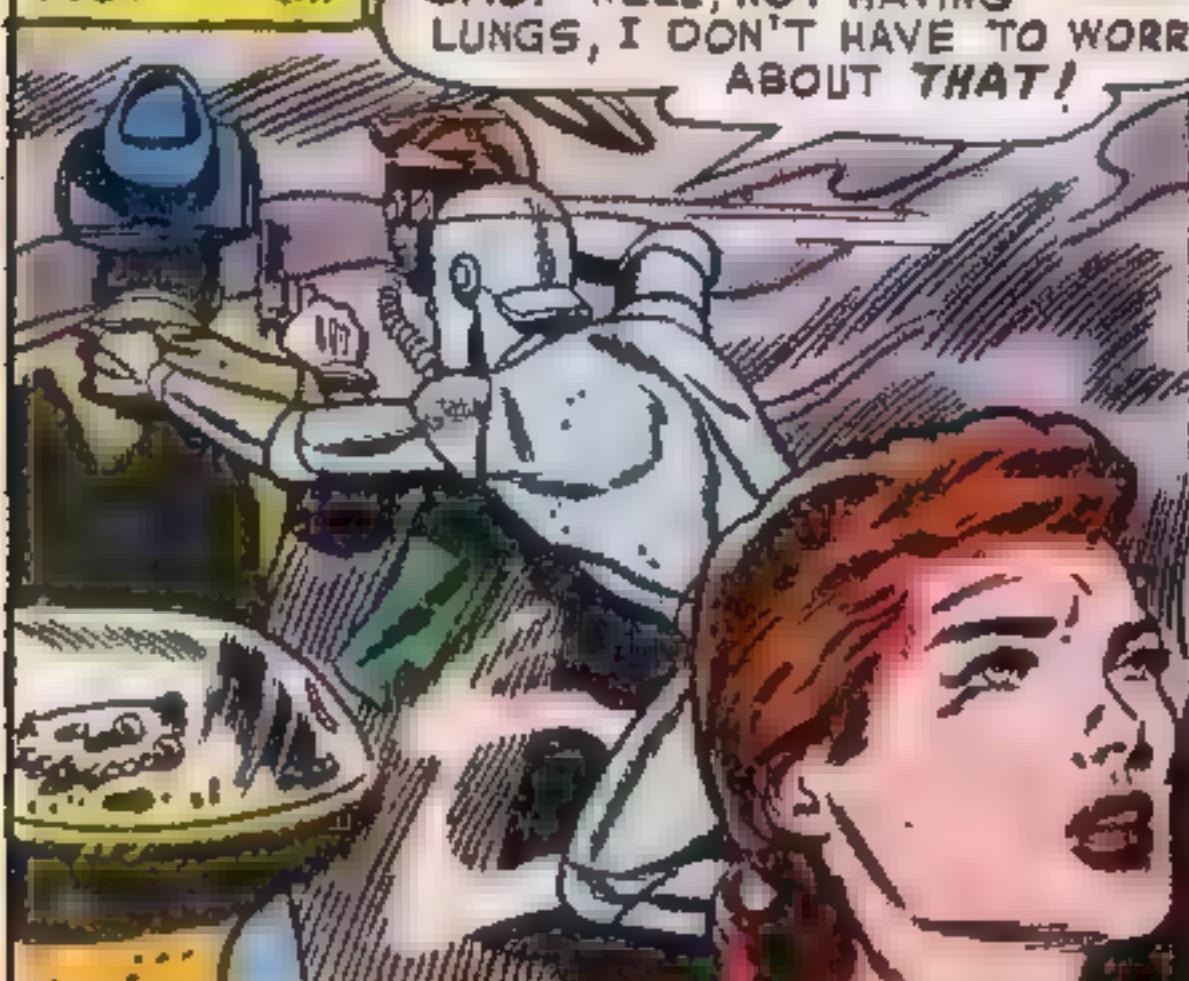
IT'S WORKIN'  
PERFECTLY!

CUTTIN' THEM LIGHT  
WIRES AFTER WE FILLED  
THOSE ORNAMENTS WITH  
SLEEPIN' GAS WAS A STROKE  
OF GENIUS!



JUST THEN...

GAS! WELL, NOT HAVING  
LUNGS, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT THAT!



BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN...

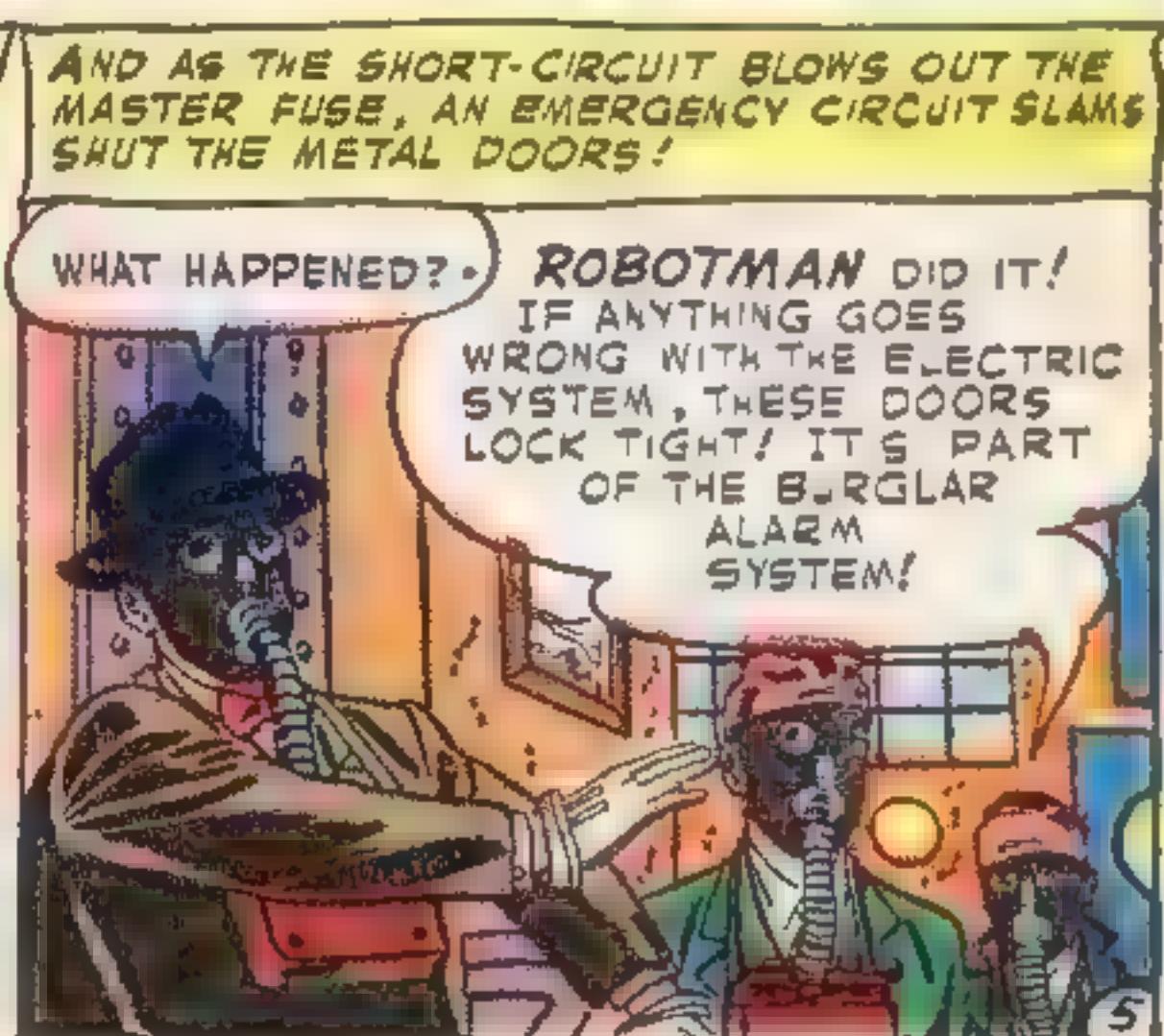
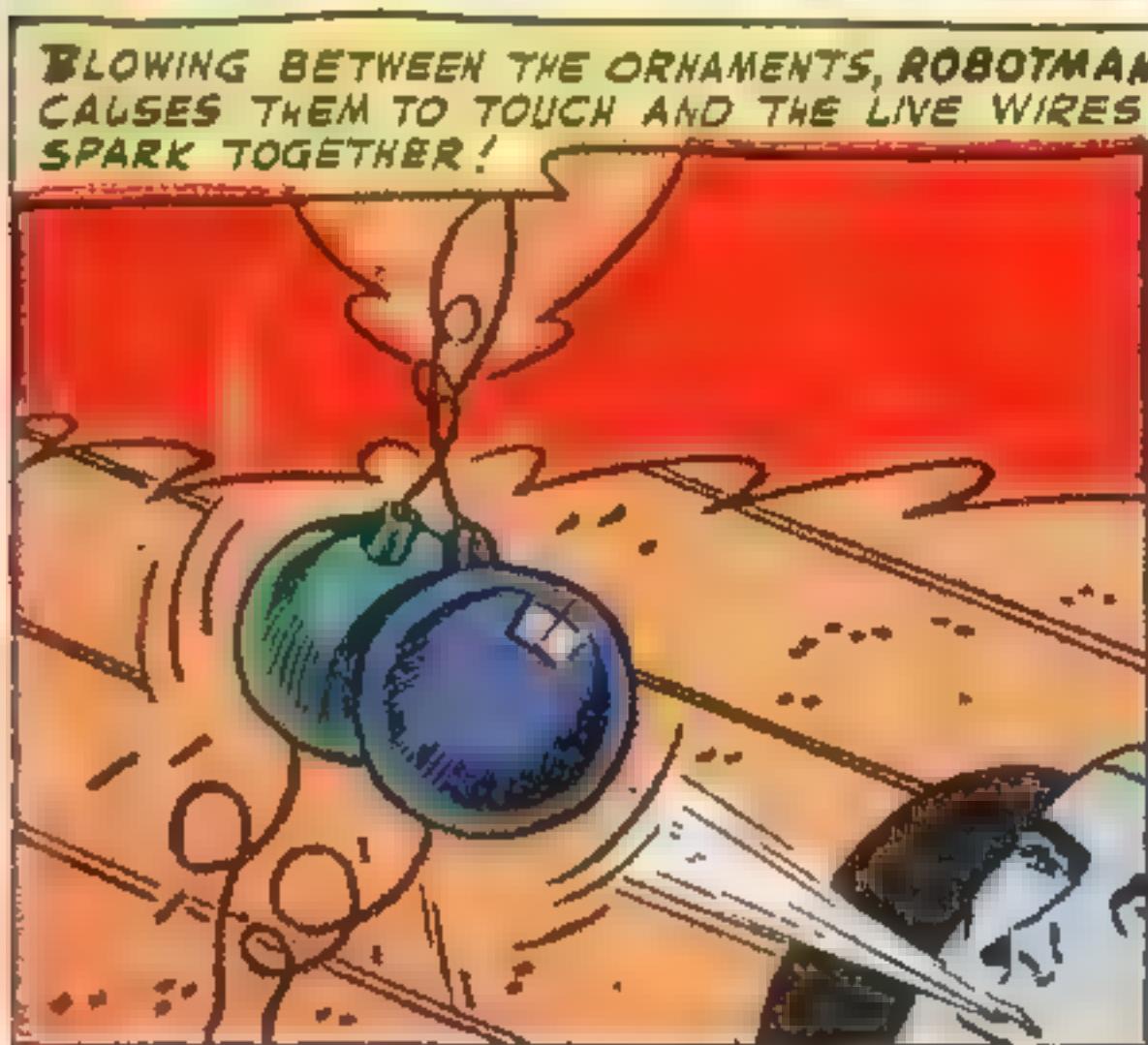
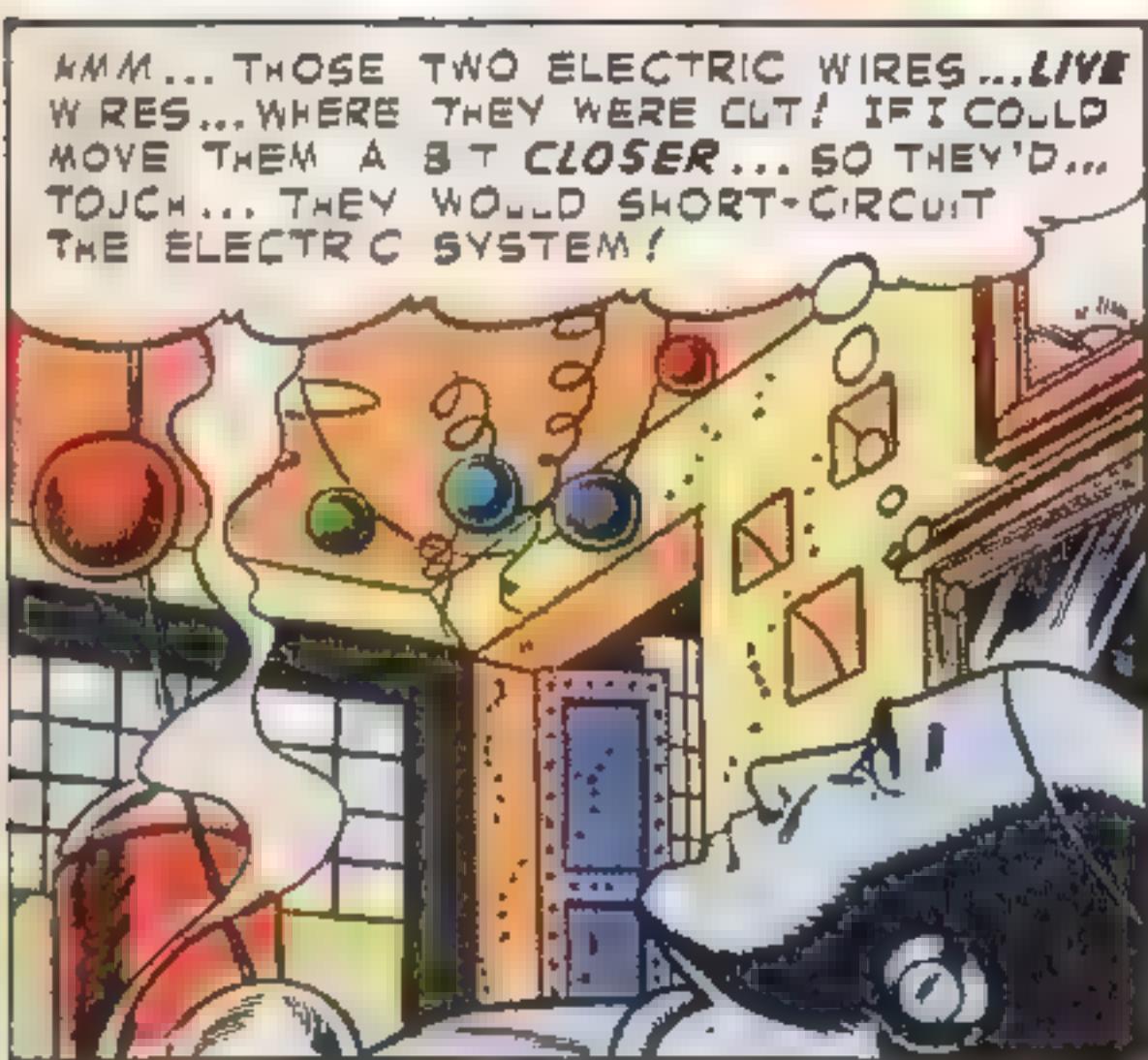
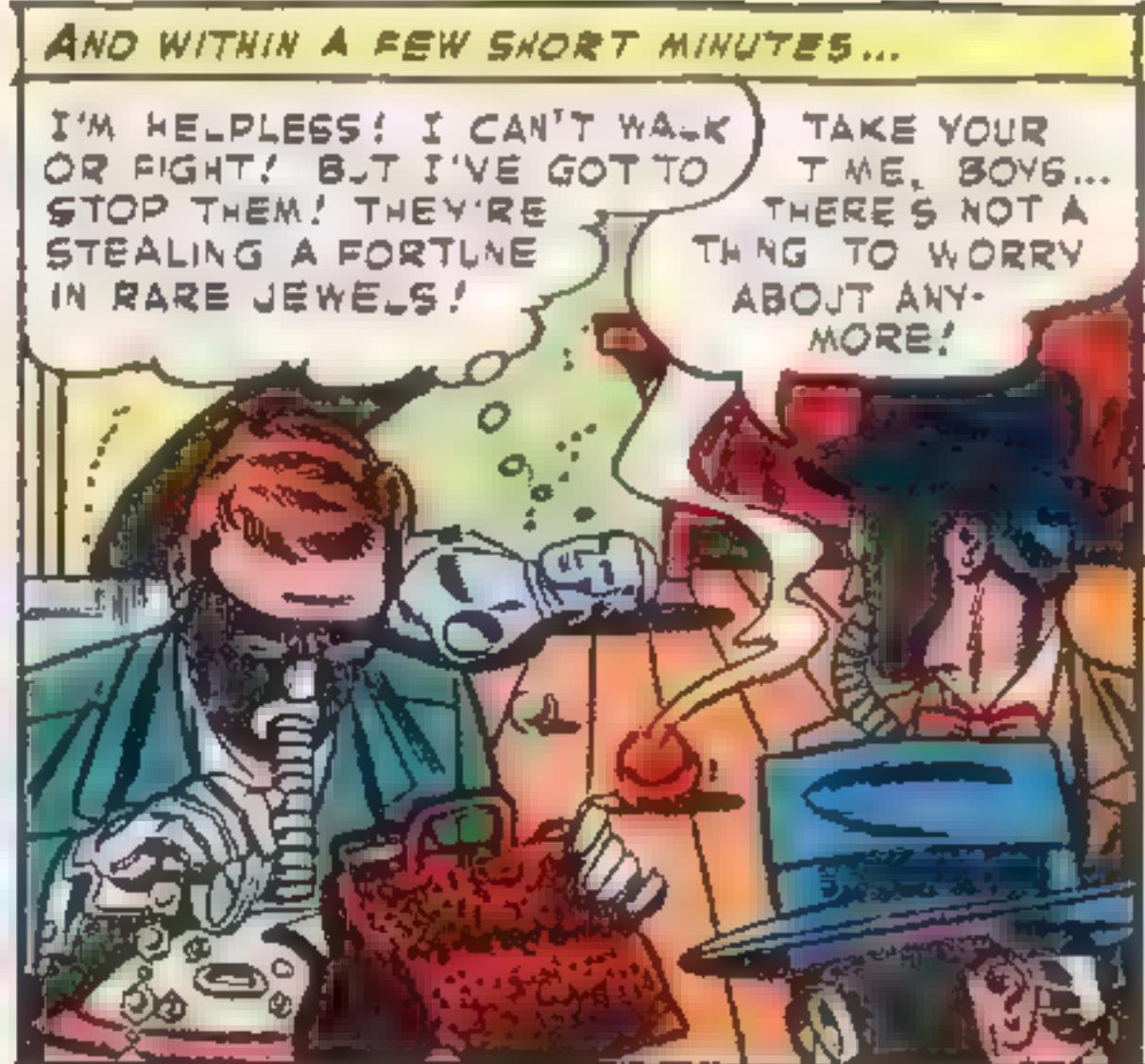
MY ARMS... THEY'RE  
COMING OFF! THE  
METAL IS TWISTING  
AS IF IT WERE  
PAPER!

HA, HA... GOON WAS  
RIGHT!

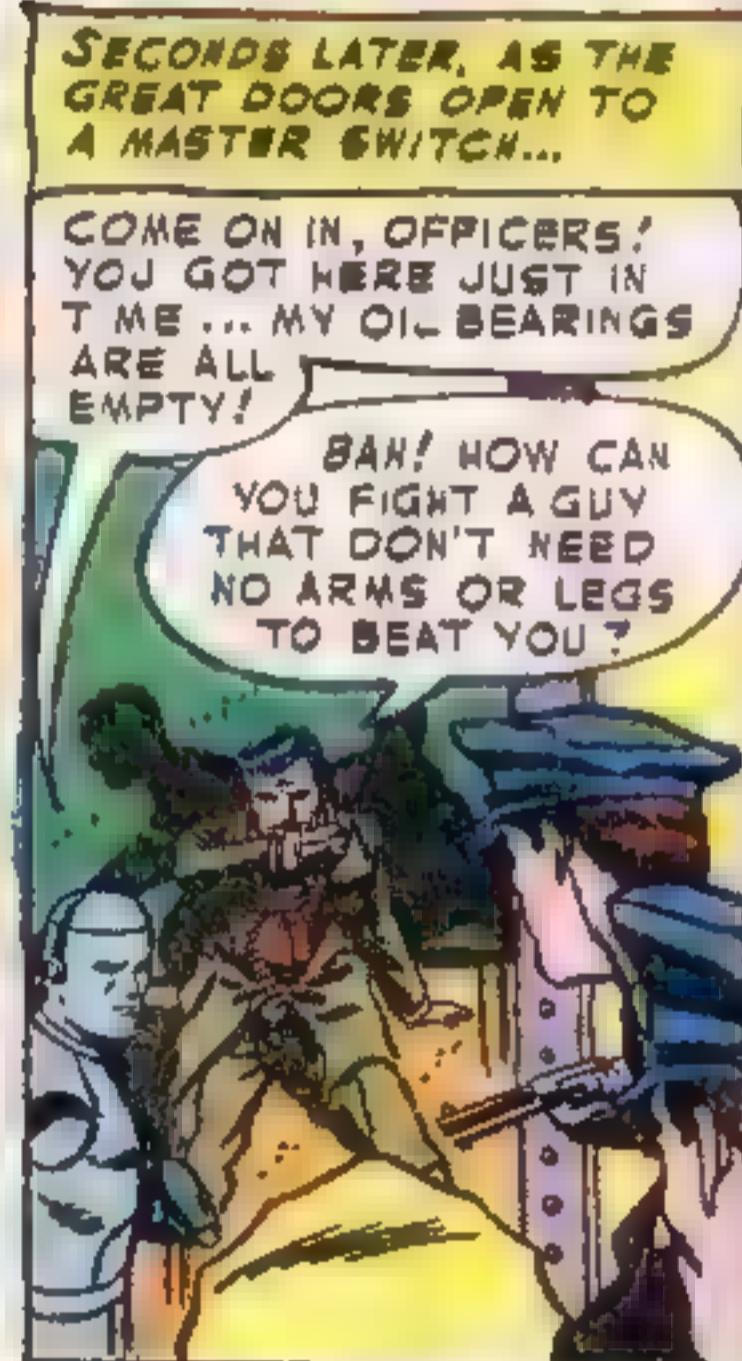
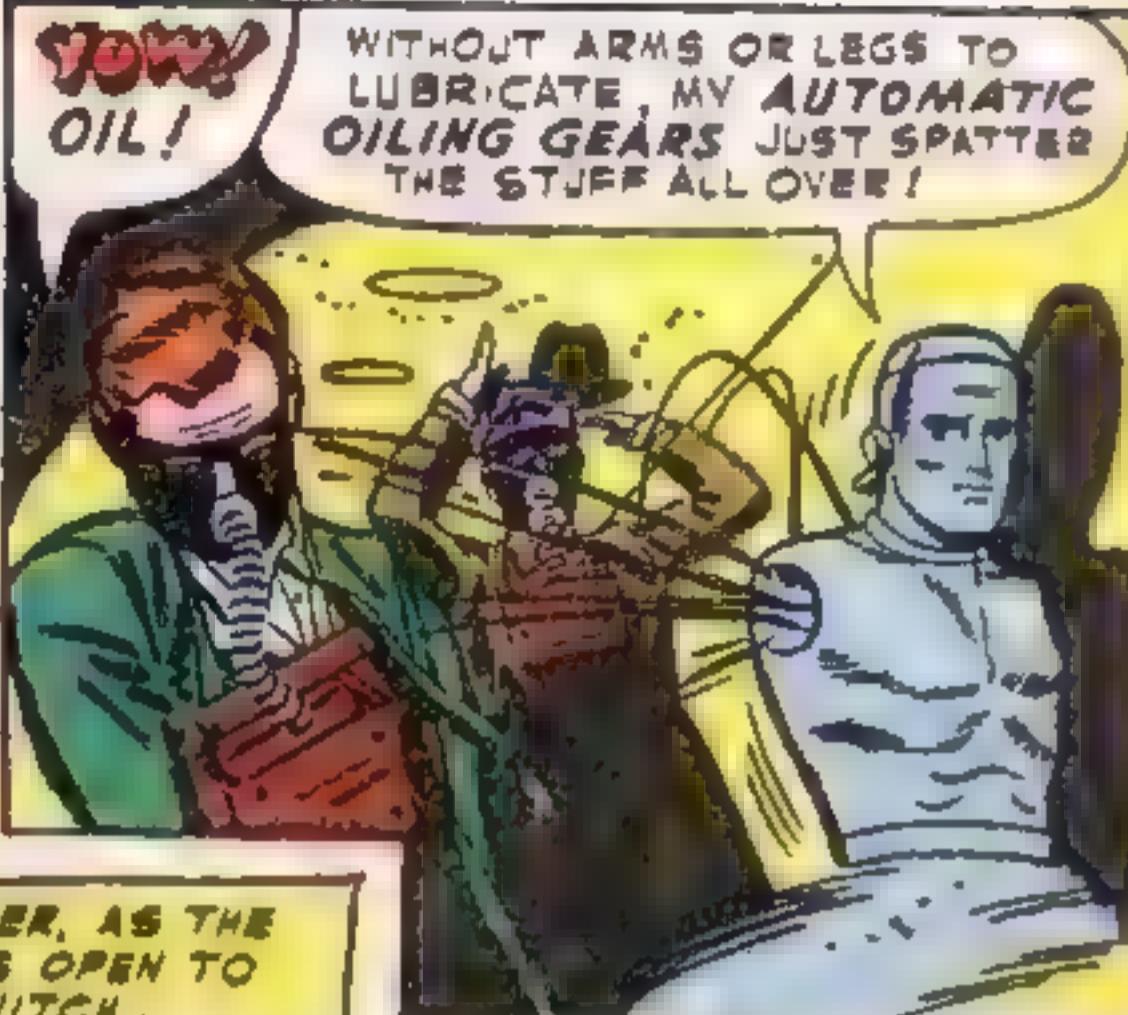
WE CAN  
SMASH HIM FOR  
GOOD! HE AINT  
STRONG NO  
MORE!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



MAYBE I CAN'T WALK OR RUN OR FIGHT... BUT  
I CAN PUT ON A GOOD IMITATION OF A  
BOWLING BALL PLAYING AT "CROOKED" PINS!



ADVERTISEMENT

## WILD WEST CHARLIE HAS A *LUCKY LUDEN'S TIP...*

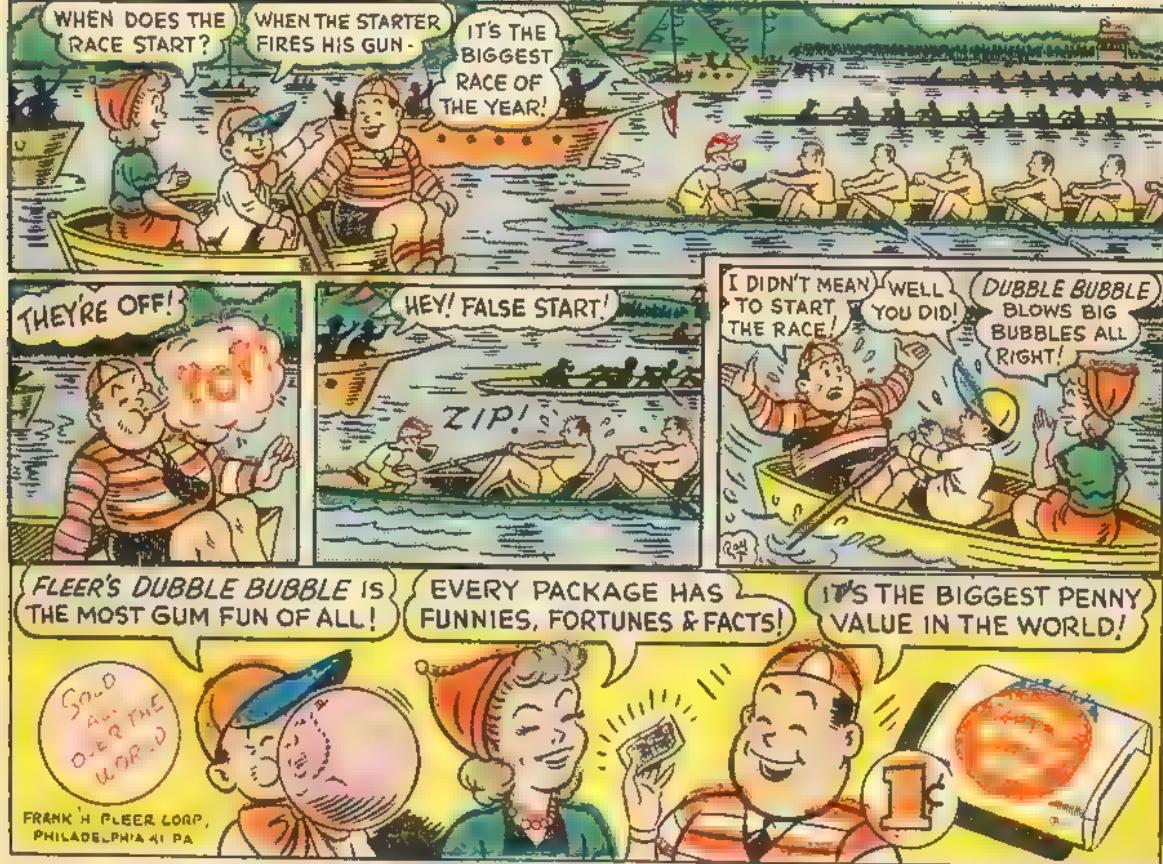
CAN'T BUST BRONCOS  
IF YOU'RE COUGHING.  
I RIDE 'EM LUCKY  
WITH LUDEN'S  
WILD CHERRY!

LUDEN'S TASTE  
DANDY - YOU CAN  
ALMOST TASTE  
THOSE JUICY  
CHERRIES!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE  
ALLOWED TO EAT  
LUDEN'S  
IN SCHOOL



and still only 5¢



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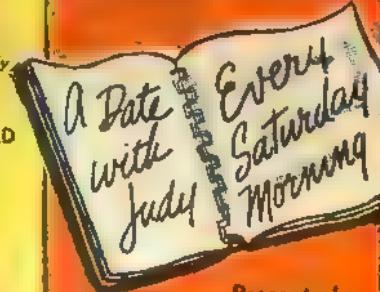
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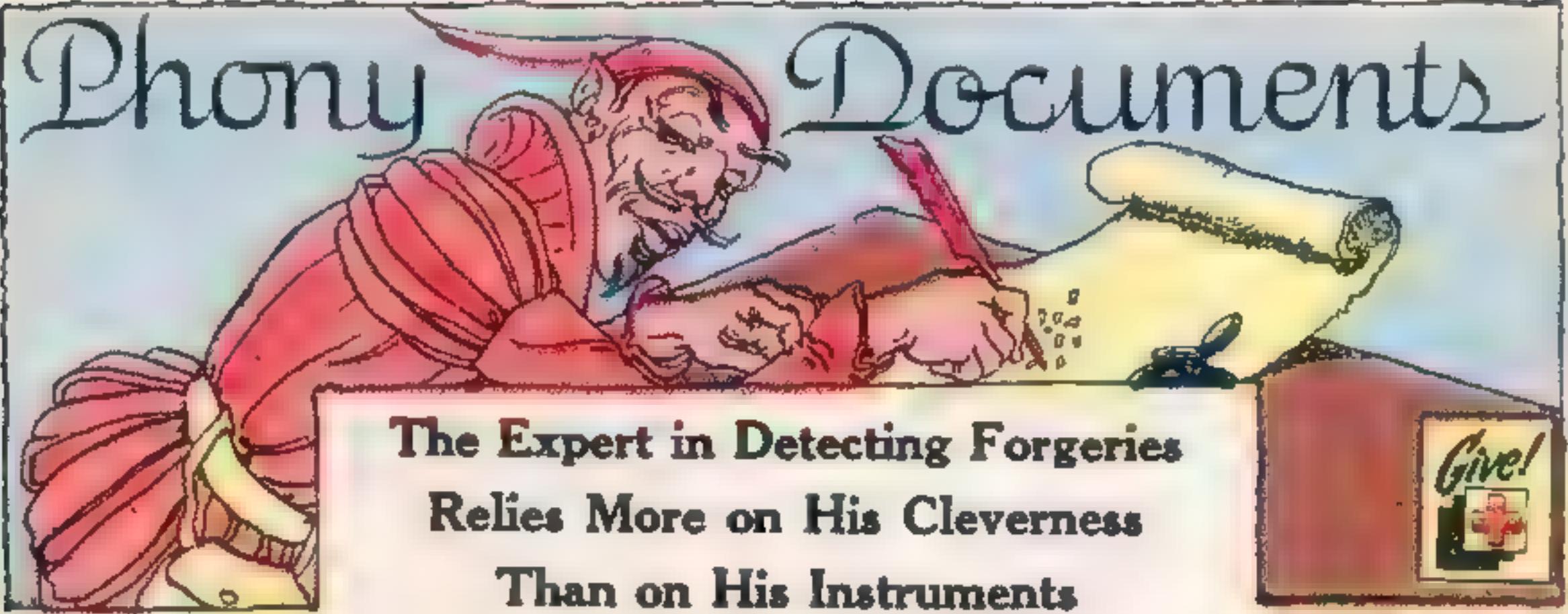
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AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY

# Phony Documents



**The Expert in Detecting Forgeries  
Relies More on His Cleverness  
Than on His Instruments**



THE wealthy businessman stared suspiciously at the yellowed, crackling piece of paper he held in his hand. It looked like a treasure map, and the two men who had brought it to him said that it had fallen out of a rotted ranch hitching post when a mule kicked it over.

On the back of the map was a story in Spanish which told how a gang of bandits had swooped down out of the hot dry hills of Mexico in 1730 to capture a treasure-laden mule train. It told how they made a map of the area around the secret mine tunnel where the gold bricks were hidden, and then fled after making a map and hiding it in the post. Why they never came back was a mystery, but it seemed that they had been caught and executed.

Now the two men had come to the businessman to ask him to give \$10,000 to an outfit which was going to bring out the gold from Mexico. They told him that he would get at least \$50 for every one dollar that he put in. And the treasure map was the proof that they offered him.

It looked good, but the businessman wanted to make sure. He asked to borrow the map, and when they left, the businessman brought it to Clark Sellers, an expert in phony documents and forgeries.

Sellers examined the map very carefully,

At first glance, it appeared genuine, but under the microscope he noticed certain suspicious things.

In the first place, he saw fibers of esparto grass in the paper. Now esparto grass had been used at one time in the Southwest for making paper because linen and wood pulp were not available. But esparto grass was not used until 1850—over a hundred years after this paper was supposed to have been made.

In the second place, markings on the paper showed that the writing was done with a modern steel pen. Here again, the document was far ahead of its time. And to cinch the matter, a Spanish scholar was called in—and he declared that the language on the back of the map was modern Spanish and not the tongue used in Mexico 200 years ago.

Thus Sellers was able to prove that the map was a forgery. (The dry appearance, he said, was achieved by baking it in an oven for an hour or two). Faced with this evidence, the two men confessed that they had dreamed up the whole story as a scheme for making a quick fortune. Within weeks, they were behind bars.

In another case, a lawyer brought Sellers a will. It was important to determine whether the signature on it had been added at

the time the text was typed or afterward. Sellers knew of no chemical method by which you could tell whether the typing was older or the same age as the ink.

He thought he was stumped—until he noticed a tiny canal etched into the glossy surface coating of the paper. This canal was caused by a tiny insect eating away the coating. Sellers saw that the insect had also eaten parts of typewritten letters. This meant that the typing had been done *before* the insect had chewed its way across the page.

Sellers' eye jumped down to the signature, and saw that the ink line was unbroken—that it was written *over* the insect's trail. Thus Sellers saw that the typing had been done before the will was signed. This fact broke the case of several dishonest relatives who were trying to get the will proved false so that they could chisel money from the estate of the dead man.

Phony documents are either fakes being palmed off as the real thing (the treasure map, for example) or real documents with faked-in signatures or typing. Like Sellers, experts in detecting these forgeries are called investigators of phony documents.

They mostly work with the aid of a battery of scientific instruments. In cases where the thickness of the paper is important, Sellers uses a measuring device accurate to 1/10,000 of an inch. A device using a very powerful light from the side permits Sellers to read impressions of paper writing which go through the paper and stay there even though the writing itself is erased.

The investigator's best friend is the microscope. Using this, he can look at two typewritten documents and see if they were made on the same machine. He does this by comparing the wear and tear of the typewriter keys, the number of threads per inch

of the ribbons, and the condition of the ribbons. Looking through the 'scope, he can tell in an instant whether one of a pair of signatures is a forgery.

But more often than not, the investigator's own cleverness is more valuable than any instrument. In one bizarre case, his own brains were all the investigator had, for the "document" to be examined was a human body.

Across the back of a man who had died of carbon monoxide poisoning (he had been found in a garage full of fumes) was written the name "Alcano" in lipstick letters several inches high. A few days before his death, the man had said that a gambler named Alcano had threatened to kill him because he had not paid a gambling debt. The police suspected suicide because no trace of any Alcano could be found and because of the way the man had died. But since it seemed impossible to write on your own back, suicide was ruled out. The police were puzzled.

Then a document examiner was called in. He was puzzled, too, until he remembered that lipstick "offset"—that it could be transferred from one surface to another with only a reversal in design. He took a piece of cardboard, wrote "Alcano" in reversed letters on it, and pressed his back against it. Sure enough, "Alcano" came out perfectly clear on his back.

Thus the man could have committed suicide. It was found that he was heavily in debt, and that his life insurance would have paid double if he were murdered (instead of dying from natural causes). The extra money would have helped his wife pay the debts. When a new lipstick was found in his car, the suicide story was proved.

A phony documents investigator had again cracked a tough case!

—Dan Keene

# Pow-Wow Smith

INDIAN  
LAW-MAN

Pow-Wow Smith plays to see the sights of New York during a police convention... but it's mostly the other way around! For it isn't long before Broadway turns to a spectacular duel between the buckskin-clad Sioux Lawman and a cushioned jewel thief, while headline writers turn somersaults between eddies to keep pace with an amazing Indian-style...

## "MANHUNT IN MANHATTAN!"

One day, as paleface reporters establish a love today in New York's exclusive hotel superba

There he is... Pow-Wow Smith, the famous Sioux Lawman from the Wild West!

Look savage for readers of the DAILY TAB POW-WOW!

WHAT?

When a buckskin-clad Indian deputy does a war dance in the lobby of Manhattan's superba hotel... THAT'S NEWS!

War dance? But it's a peace offering on vacation, seeing the sights and hoping to learn something at the police convention!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



JUST THEN, A YETTLE GLINT IN A MIRROR  
CATCHES POW-WOW'S EYE...

WHAT WOULD YOU  
DO IF YOU MET A BIG-  
CITY BADMAN?

ONE OF THOSE  
MEN IS POINTING A  
HIDDEN GUN AT THE  
OTHER, TRYING TO  
APPEAR CASUAL! I'LL  
HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY  
AND QUIETLY!

BOOF!

ONLY CROOKED  
SCHEMES REQUIRE  
GUN-POINTING,  
AS A RULE!

THANKS! HE  
WANTED MY KEY  
TO THIS JEWELRY  
DISPLAY I'M  
GUARDING!

BUT ABRUPTLY, AS TWO "INNOCENT  
BYSTANDERS" SPOT THE FRAY...

WHY DON'T YOU  
MIND YOUR OWN  
BUSINESS,  
REDSKIN?

BELIEVE IT  
OR NOT, I  
AM...

...AND MORE EFFICIENTLY  
THAN YOU'RE MINDING  
YOURS, I HOPE!

WHAT A STORY!  
THEY'RE AFTER  
THOSE SPARKLERS  
PRESENTED TO  
GLORIA GALT.  
THE BALLET  
DANCER, BY  
KINGS AND  
MILLIONAIRE  
ADMIRERS!

THE BOYS  
CAN'T  
HANDLE  
HIM. WE'D  
BETTER  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

DEFTLY, THE BEARDED MAN  
WAVES HIS WAND, AND...

LET'S GO  
BOYS! WE'LL  
TRY AGAIN  
WHEN THE COAST  
IS CLEAR OF  
SAVAGES!

TEAR GAS!  
COUGH-COUGH  
I'M...  
COUGH...CHOK NG!

AND AS ALL BUT ONE OF THE DARING  
BANDITS ESCAPE...

THAT WAND'S  
THE TRADE  
MARK OF "MR.  
MAGIC", THE KING OF  
JEWEL EYES! HE'S  
BAFFLED THE CITY'S  
SMARTEST LAW-  
MEN...BUT AN  
INDIAN DEPUTY  
WAS TOO SMART  
FOR HIM! THIS  
WILL MAKE  
POW-WOW SMITH  
FAMOUS!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



LATER, AS THE NEAR-VICTIM OF THE CRIME EXPRESSES HER GRATITUDE...

YOU WERE WONDERFUL, MR. SMITH! PLEASE BE MY GUEST AT THE BALLET TONIGHT, AND A PARTY SOME OF MY FRIENDS ARE GIVING LATER!

WHY... LH... I'D BE HAPPY TO, MISS GALT!

AFTERWARD, AT THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT,

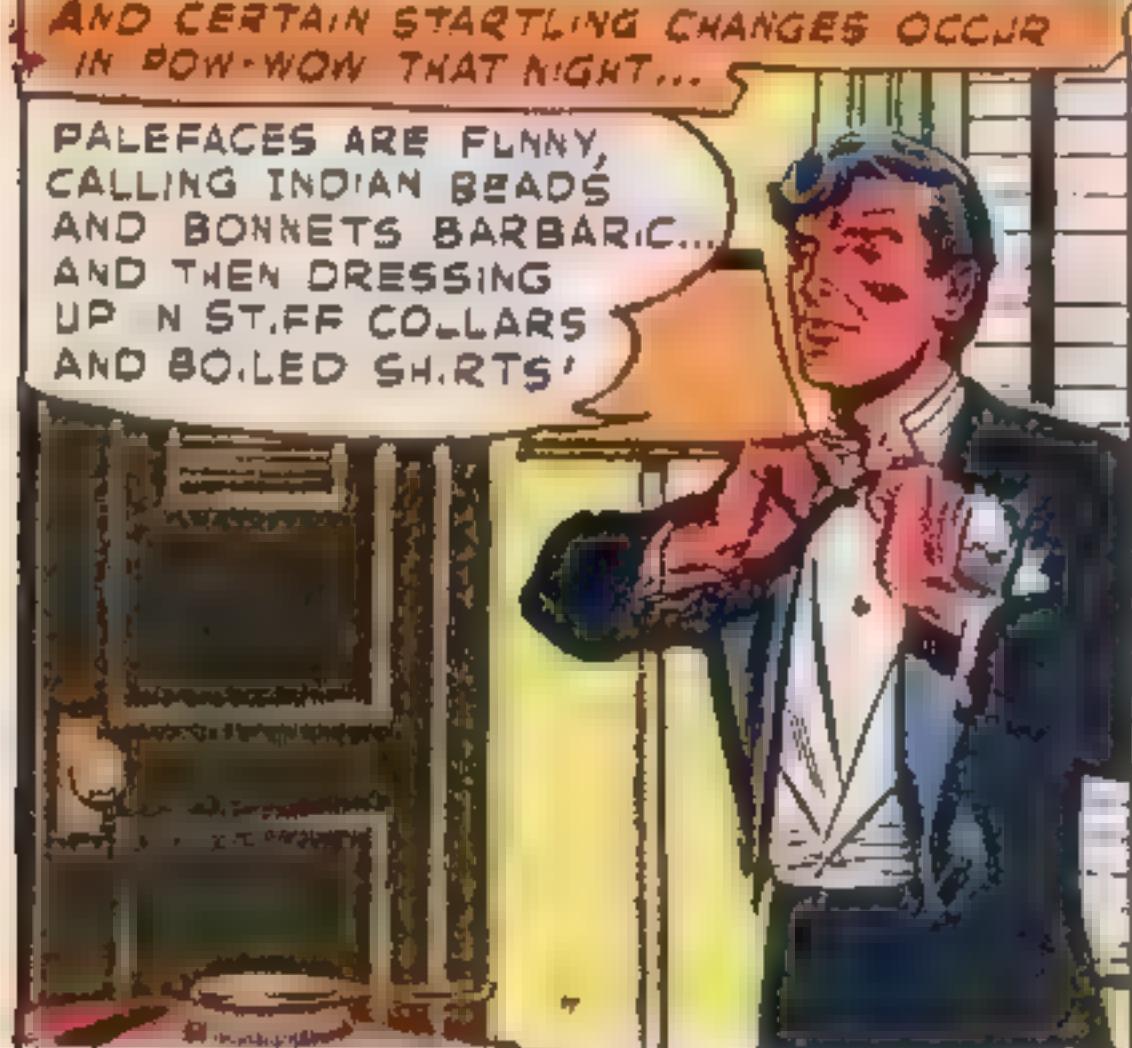
IMAGINE THE NERVE OF "MR. MAGIC," TRYING THAT RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES, INSPECTOR! THANK GOODNESS, POW-WOW WAS ON HIS TOES!

HE'S A REAL POLICEMAN, CHIEF! I ONLY HOPE ALL THIS HERO-STUFF DOESN'T GO TO HIS HEAD!



AND CERTAIN STARTLING CHANGES OCCUR IN POW-WOW THAT NIGHT...

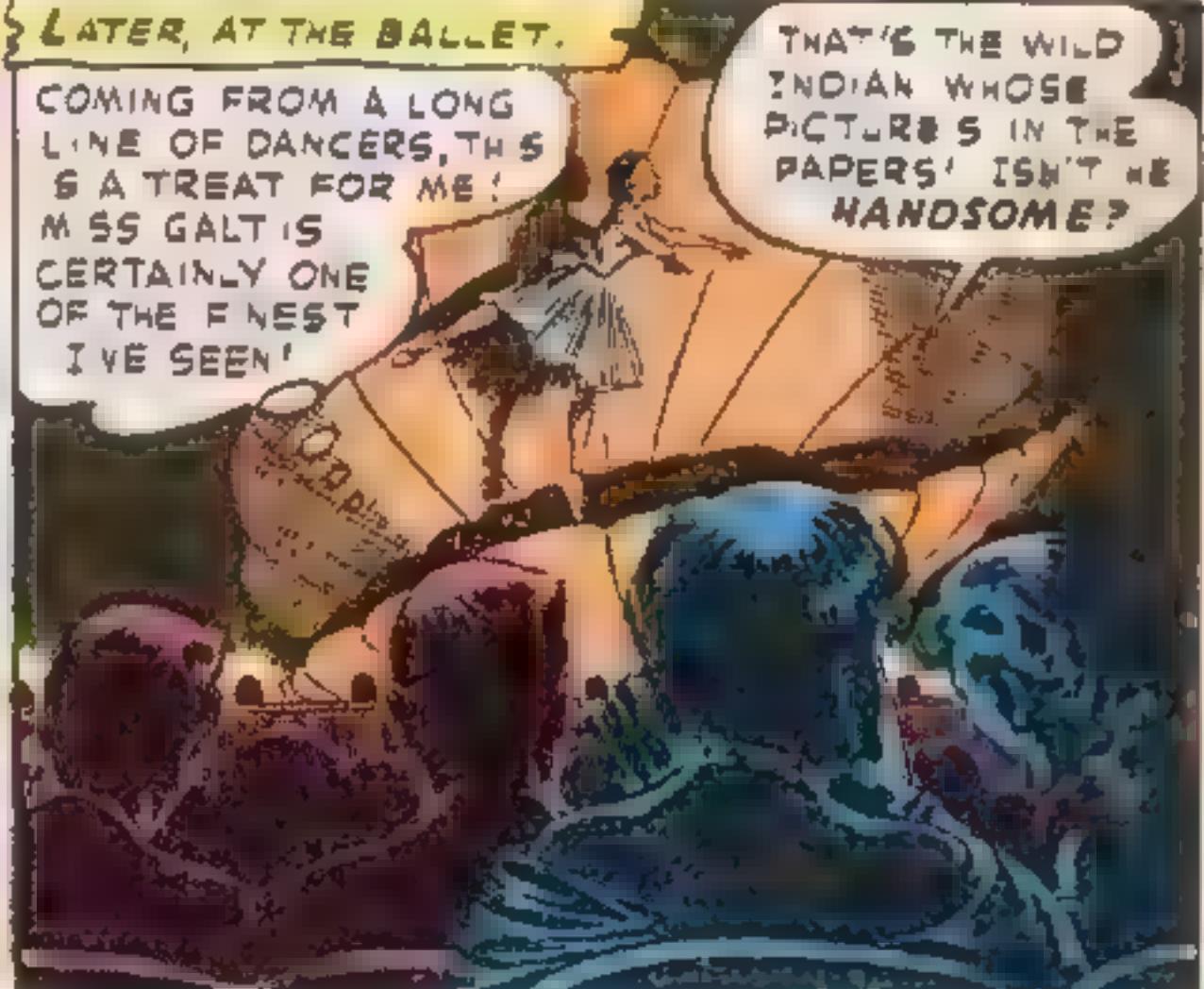
PALEFACES ARE FUNNY, CALLING INDIAN BEADS AND BONNETS BARBARIC... AND THEN DRESSING UP IN STIFF COLLARS AND BOILED SHIRTS!



LATER, AT THE BALLET.

COMING FROM A LONG LINE OF DANCERS, THIS IS A TREAT FOR ME! MISS GALT IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE FINEST I'VE SEEN!

THAT'S THE WILD INDIAN WHOSE PICTURE'S IN THE PAPERS! ISN'T HE HANDSOME?



AND AT THE EXCLUSIVE HERON CLUB, WHERE BROADWAY GOSSIP COLUMNISTS KEEP THE SCORE ON CELEBRITIES...

POW-WOW SMITH WITH GLORIA GALT'S PARTY, EH? THAT SHOULD MAKE FOR A JUICY PARAGRAPH OR TWO!

I'LL WRITE SOMETHING LIKE, "LO, THE POOR INDIAN, DAZZLED BY THE SPLENDOR OF THE GAY WHITE WAY!"

POW-WOW. THIS IS MONTE NORRIS, THE FAMOUS WORLD TRAVELER AND SPORTSMAN!

AM, YES... THE INDIAN! BUT NOT LIKE THE INDIAN MAHARAJAS WHO HUNTED TIGERS WITH ME IN THE HINDU KUSH!

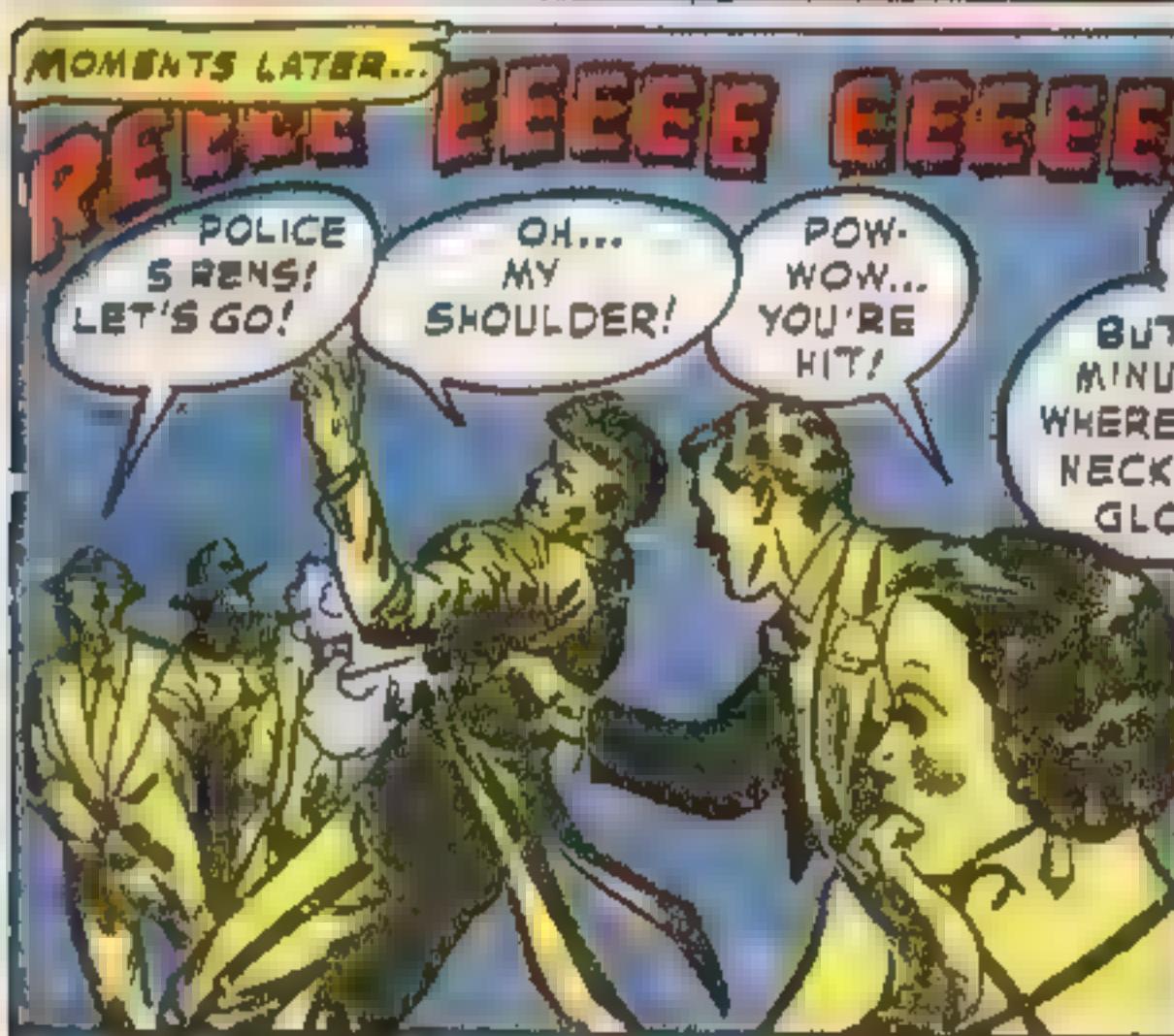
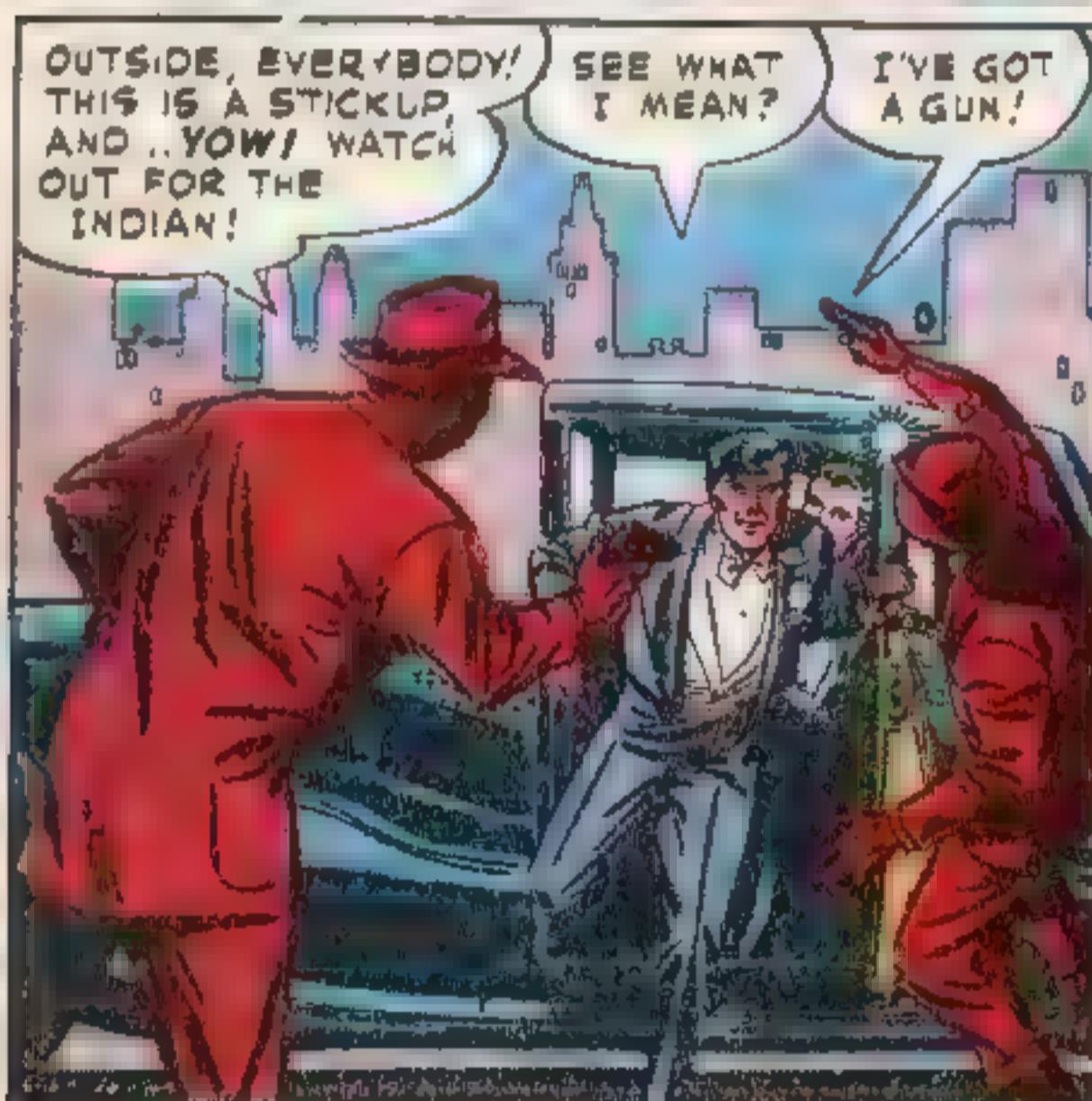
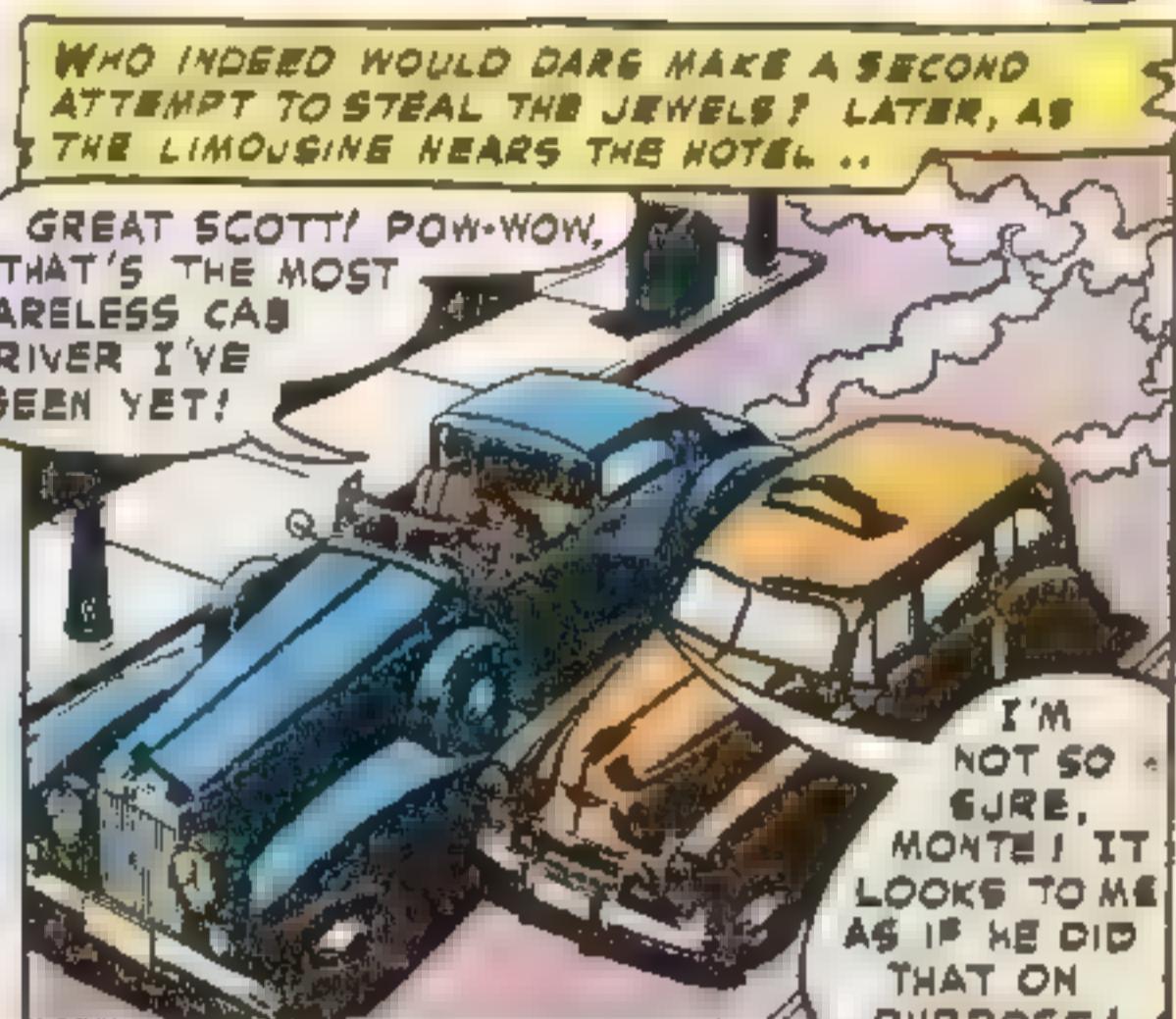
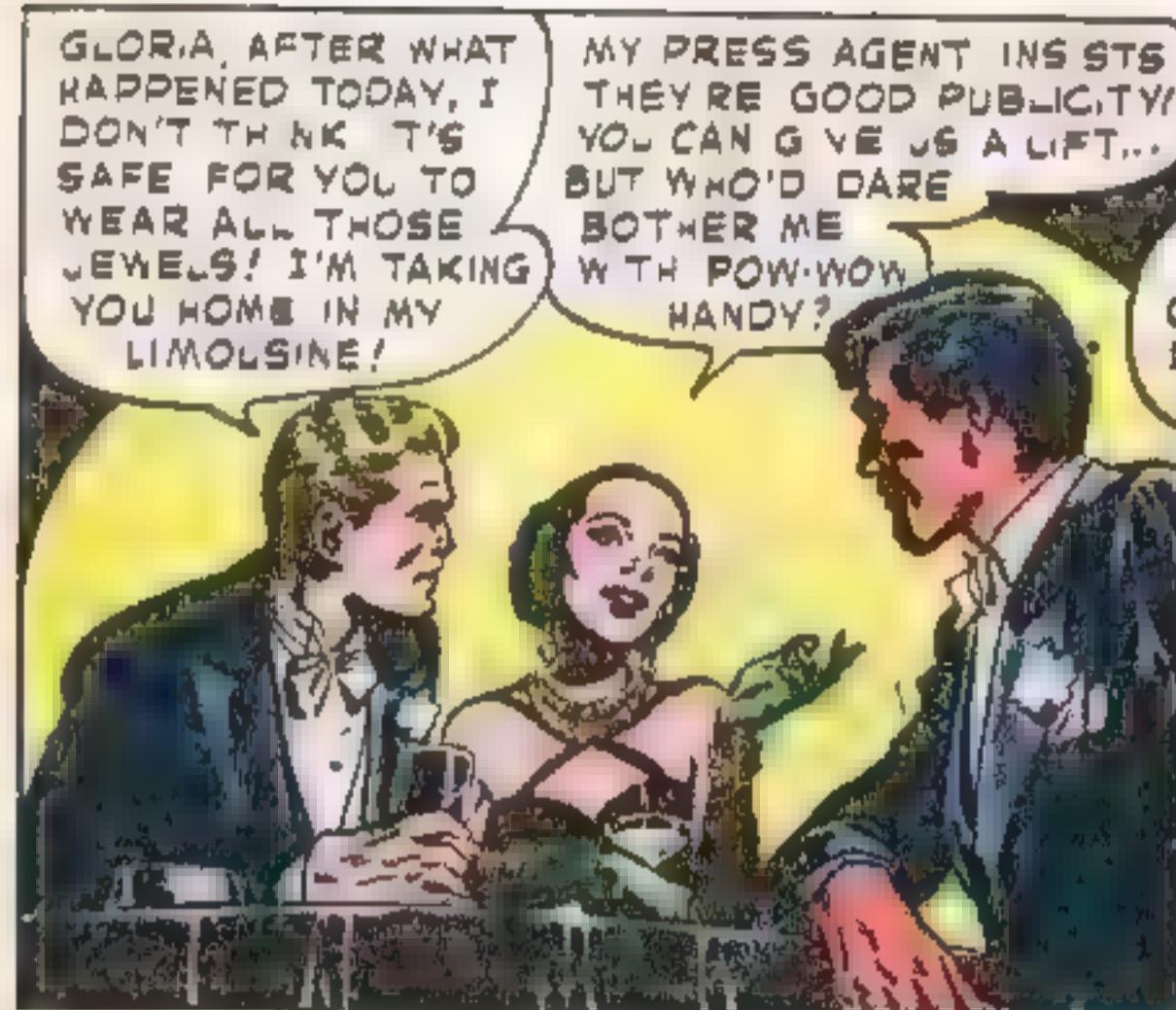
NO, NOT EXACTLY NORRS



POW-WOW'S WESTERN PLAINS WERE NEVER LIKE THIS! WILL HE BE DECEIVED BY ALL THIS GRANDI-



# DETECTIVE COMICS



# DETECTIVE COMICS



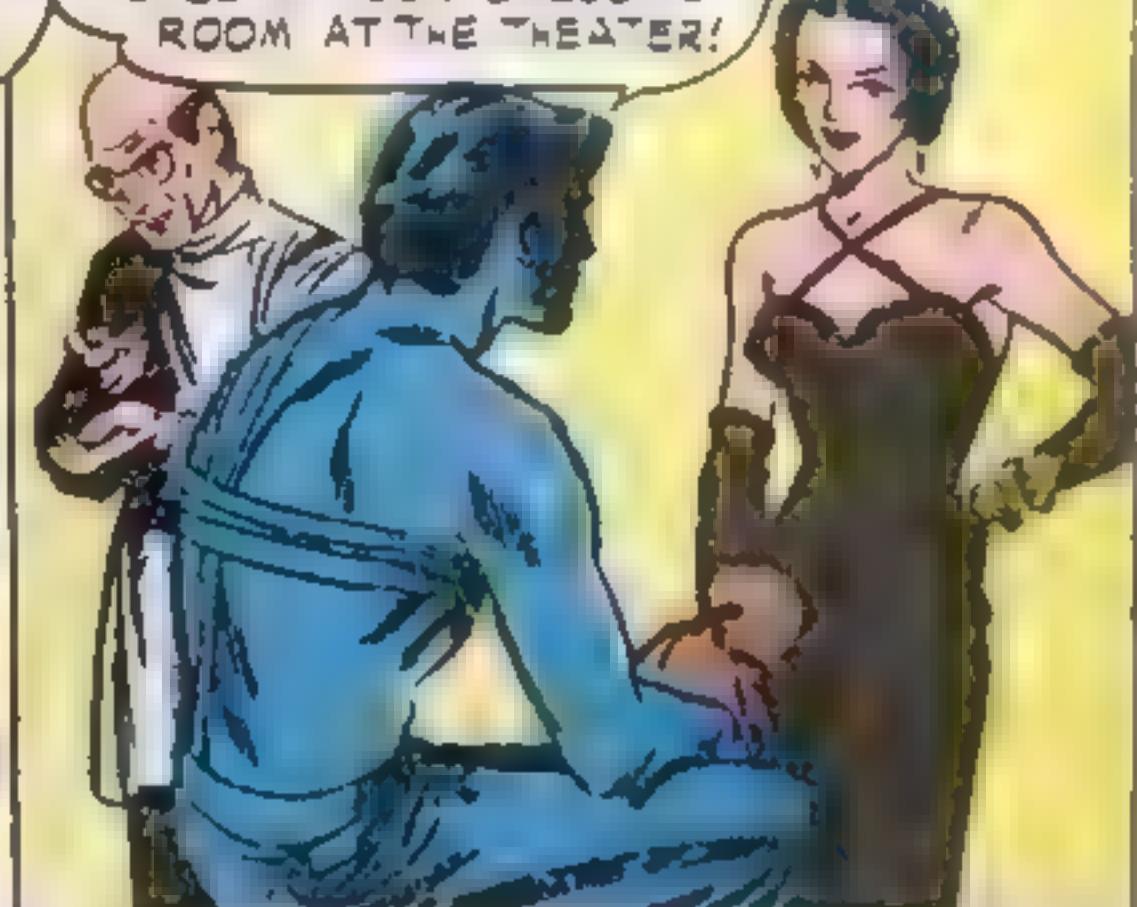
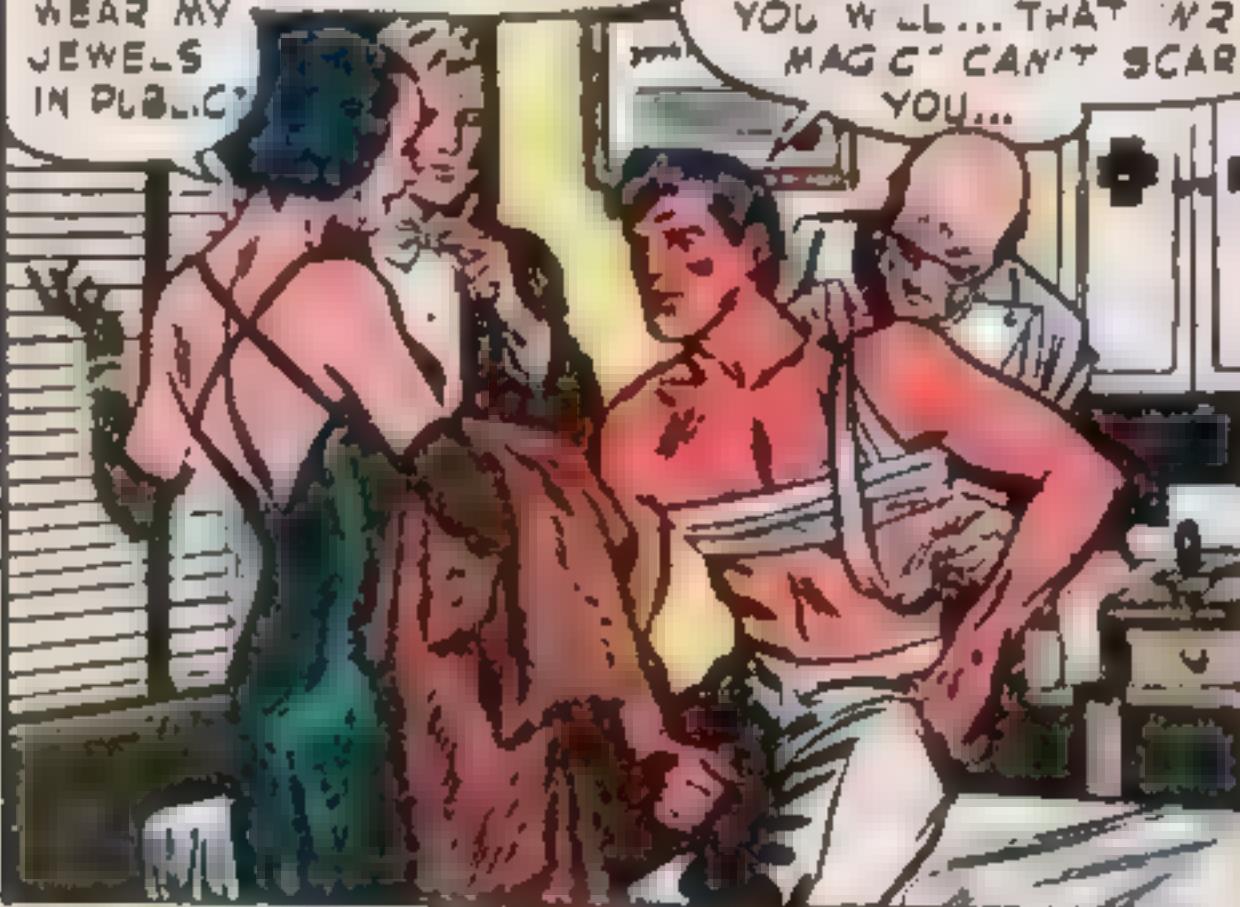
PRESIDENTLY AS POW-WOW RECEIVES FIRST-AID FOR  
FOR HIS WOUND...

WHAT WILL I TELL THE  
REPORTERS WHEN THEY ASK  
WHETHER I STILL PLAN TO  
WEAR MY  
JEWELS  
IN PUBLIC?

THE OLD INDIAN TRICK  
OF THE LURE AND THE  
AMBUSH IS STILL GOOD!  
TELL THEM OF COURSE  
YOU WILL... THAT MR  
MAGIC CAN'T SCARE  
YOU...

...BUT ARRANGE SECRETLY  
FOR POLICE PROTECTION,  
AND GET IMITATION  
JEWELS! I'LL HELP YOU.  
ARRANGE A SECRET HIDING  
PLACE IN YOUR DRESSING-  
ROOM AT THE THEATER!

IN OTHER WORDS:  
I'M TO CARE  
MR MAGIC TO  
TRY AGAIN!



THAT'S IT! IF HE  
BOthers YOU,  
THE POLICE WILL  
BE READY FOR  
H.M., AND YOUR  
WORRIES WILL  
BE OVER!

IT'S WORTH  
TRYING, GLORIA!



NEXT MORNIN', POW-WOW DISCOVERS HE'S  
NO LONGER A HERO.

GLORIA GRAY  
LOSES JEWELS AS  
"MR. MAGIC'S" TWO  
TRY OVERWHELM'S  
POW-WOW SMITH

DAILY TAB  
SIOUX LAWMAN  
TOPPLES FROM  
HERO'S PEDES  
  
TIGER  
NIGHT  
RED EYES  
THE POOR INDIAN  
ARMED WE BACKED  
IN BRUF DRY

SUCH SFAVE!  
MAYBE IT'S JUST AS  
WELL I'M NO LONGER  
A CELEBRITY,  
SINCE THAT BULLET  
RUINED MY ONLY  
BO LED SHIRT!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE BALLET...

THERE SHE GOES,  
WEARING A FORTUNE  
IN JEWELS TO SOME  
PARTY, AS USUAL...  
AND NOT EVEN  
THAT INDIAN  
SHERIFF TO  
PROTECT  
HER!

GUESS SHE  
DECIDED HE  
WASN'T MUCH  
PROTECTION,  
AFTER THE  
HOLDUP LAST  
NIGHT!



A FEW HOURS LATER, WHEN THE THEATER IS  
DESERTED...

THE COAST'S CLEAR.  
THE NATCHWANS  
MAKING HIS ROUNDS  
IN BACK!

THOSE STARS  
LEAD TO THE  
DRESSING-ROOMS  
DON'T MAKE ANY  
NOISE!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



SOON AFTER, IN THE STARS DRESSING-ROOM BENEATH THE STAGE...

HERE'S A DIAMOND BRACELET AND A RUBY RING, "MR. MAGIC"!

NOT VERY INGENIOUS, HIDING GEMS IN COLD-CREAM JARS AND TAPING THEM BENEATH THE TABLE... BUT IT MAKES OUR JOB EASY!

BUT WHEN THE MASTER THIEF AND HIS HENCHMEN PREPARE TO LEAVE...

THE WATCHMAN! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE ANOTHER WAY! HEAD FOR THE BACK WINDOW AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE!

NO SENSE SHOOTING HIM UNLESS HE ASKS FOR IT!

ABRUPTLY...

OOPS! HEY... I'M FALLING INTO A NET!

SOMEBODY UP ON THE CATWALK PULLED THAT WIRE! I SEE MM!

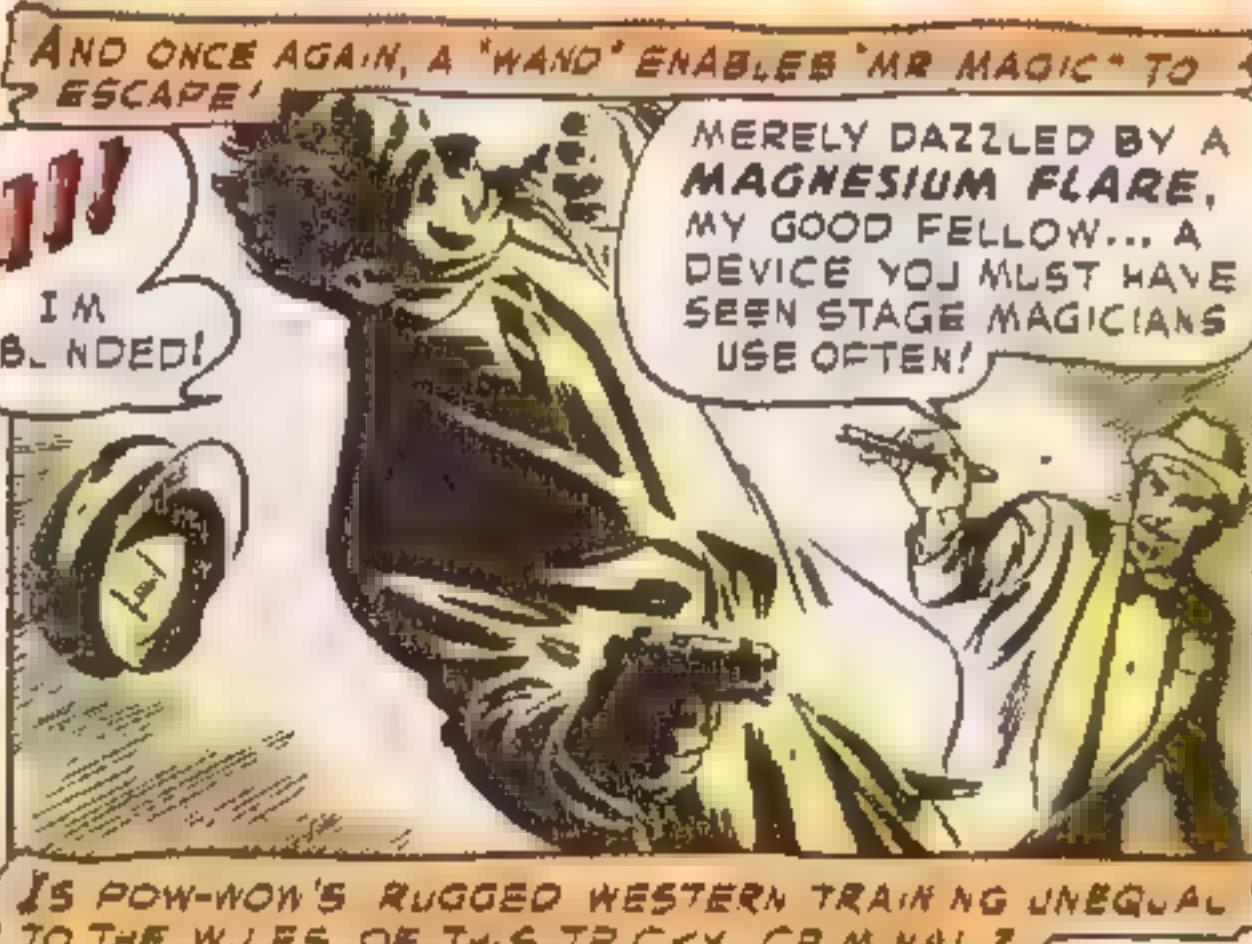
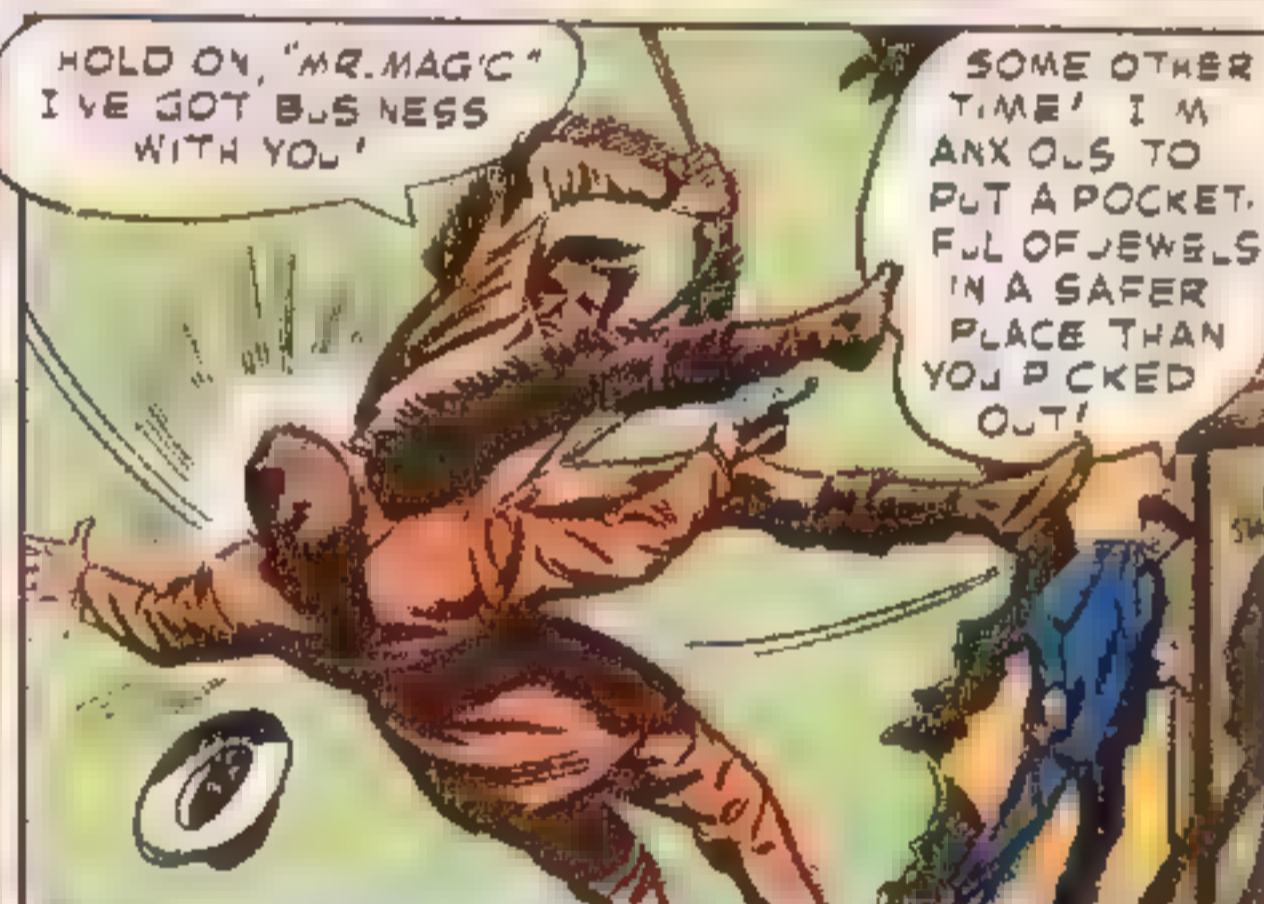


POW-WOW SMITH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT'S SO SURPRISING ABOUT FINDING A WILD INDIAN HERE? IF THIS ROPE WAS A VINE, I'D FEEL RIGHT AT HOME!

HOLD ON, "MR. MAGIC"! I'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH YOU!

SOME OTHER TIME! I'M ANXIOUS TO PUT A POCKET FULL OF JEWELS IN A SAFER PLACE THAN YOU PICKED OUT!



AND ONCE AGAIN, A "HAND" ENABLES "MR. MAGIC" TO ESCAPE!

BLINDED!

MERELY DAZZLED BY A MAGNESIUM FLARE, MY GOOD FELLOW... A DEVICE YOU MUST HAVE SEEN STAGE MAGICIANS USE OFTEN!

IS POW-WOW'S RUGGED WESTERN TRAINING UNEQUAL TO THE WILES OF THIS TRICKY CRIMINAL?

# DETECTIVE COMICS



A SHORT TIME AFTERWARD, AT THE HERON CLUB...

BUT THERE'S  
NO ROOM... AND  
YOUR CLOTHES  
AREN'T RIGHT...  
HEY!

NONSENSE! I CAN  
ALWAYS SQUEEZE  
IN... AND THIS OUTFIT  
IS ADMIRE IN THE  
MOST EXCLUSIVE  
WIGWAMS IN RED  
DEER VALLEY!

AND INSIDE...

LOOK, GLORIA... IT'S  
THAT BUCKSKIN BUFFOON  
WHOSE STUPID IDEAS  
HAVE FINALLY COST  
YOU YOUR JEWELS,  
ACCORDING TO THE  
RADIO REPORT A  
FEW MINUTES  
AGO! WHAT'S  
HE DOING  
HERE?

LOOKING FOR ME,  
I SUPPOSE! HE'S  
CERTAINLY  
GONE TO A  
LOT OF  
TROUBLE  
ON MY  
ACCOUNT!



WELL, WELL...  
THE WILD WEST  
WONDER BOY! I  
HEAR "MR. MAGIC"  
TRICKED YOU  
AGAIN!

YES... THANKS TO HIS MAGIC  
WAND! BUT THIS TIME I'VE  
GOT A SPECIAL ONE OF MY  
OWN TO SURPRISE  
HIM!

IT THROWS ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS  
TO IDENTIFY THE HANDS OF THE MAN  
WHO STOLE MISS GALT'S IMITATION  
JEWELS FROM JARS OF CHEMICALLY-  
TREATED COLD CREAM... AND A  
MAGNET TO ATTRACT THEIR  
STAINLESS-STEEL MOUNTINGS!

EH...?  
WHY, YOU  
BACKWOODS  
SHERLOCK...



YOU'LL NEVER  
LIVE TO...  
UH-H-H-H...

CRACK

HERE, HERE!  
I'LL CALL  
THE POLICE!

WELL, POW-WOW,  
YOU FINALLY GOT  
"MISTER MAGIC"!



YES... WITH  
MISS GALT'S  
HELP! WE  
FIGURED HIS  
VANITY WOULD  
MAKE HIM TRY  
AGAIN AFTER  
HIS FIRST  
ROBBERY  
ATTEMPT WAS  
SPOILED BY A  
...ER... SIMPLE  
SAVAGE!

I NEVER DREAMED MONTE COULD BE "MR. MAGIC"!

I WONDERED... AND AFTER LAST NIGHT'S HOLDUP I WAS SURE! HE WAS SHOOTING, BUT THE BANDITS IGNORED HIM... ALTHOUGH THEY TRIED TO KILL ME... AND NO ONE ELSE WAS IN A POSITION TO GRAB THE NECKLACE UNNOTICED!

SETTING THE TRAP WAS EASY! MY ANCESTORS MIGHT HAVE DONE IT BETTER, IF THEY'D KNOWN ABOUT ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT, FLUORESCENT CHEMICALS AND MAGNETS! OF COURSE, MONTE THOUGHT SHE'D WEAR THE IMITATION JEWELS, INSTEAD OF LEAVING THEM FOR HIM TO STEAL!

I WORE THE REAL ONES, AS I TOLD THE REPORTERS I WOULD! BUT I'LL FEEL SAFER WEARING THEM AFTER THIS, THANKS TO POW-WOW!

YOU'LL BE A HERO AGAIN WHEN THE PAPERS COME OUT, POW-WOW ... BIGGER THAN EVER!

TOO BAD I WON'T BE AROUND! SINCE THE POLICE CONVENTION'S OVER, I'M TAKING THE FIRST PLANE HOME... WHERE THINGS ARE SO SLOW, A MAN DOESN'T HAVE TO READ THE LATEST PAPER TO SEE HOW HE'S DOING!

PLenty OF PEOPLE WILL FEEL SAFER! NO OTHER CROOK HAS "MR. MAGIC'S" CUNNING... AND HE'LL BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR QUITE AWHILE!

8

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

"NO STICKY HAIR, HANDS OR COMB!" SAYS BERT PARKS  
TV STAR OF "BREAK THE BANK"

IT'S HERE!  
THE NEW CREAM HAIR OIL THAT'S NOT STICKY OR GREASY!  
GROOMS HAIR PERFECTLY ALL DAY LONG!

NEW!

DIFFERENT  
BECAUSE IT'S  
LIGHT-BODIED.

TRY VITALIS HAIR CREAM—  
YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THE TIP!

HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW.  
IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.

MONEY BACK

write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!

SAVE MONEY!  
49¢ SIZE  
EQUALS LEADING  
50¢ SIZE CREAM  
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*-Red Ryder*

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FREE  
CONTEST  
KIT  
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I enclose unused 3c stamp  
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FREE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST KIT!

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You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

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WIN one! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Peep-and-Open Rearsight with Elevation, Windage adjusters! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

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EACH**

**50  
GIVEN  
NO. 155  
VALUE \$5.75**

**50  
GIVEN  
NO. 155  
VALUE \$4.95**

**50  
GIVEN  
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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 1552, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

# THE TWO **BEST** WAYS TO FILL A PEN

## 1. SHEAFFER'S *Touch Down*

### ONE STROKE FILLER

All Sheaffer pens—and only Sheaffer pens—have Touchdown, the simple, sure one-stroke filling device. Filling is actually fun with Touchdown. Just extend the plunger, push down lightly just once and Pffff!—you hear it breathe in the fluid, and watch the level in the bottle go down as your pen fills full. Just that easy—Just that quick!

## 2. SHEAFFER'S *Skrip*

### WITH EXCLUSIVE TOP WELL BOTTLE

Always use Sheaffer's Skrip to make any pen write better, last longer. Test-proved, won't harm rubber, metal or composition parts. Twelve brilliant true-tone colors. Permanent or Washable. Starts instantly, dries quickly. Exclusive Top Well makes filling super-easy, keeps fingers clean. So good, it's the world's largest selling writing fluid!



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